

BIBLIOTHECA FICTIVA

THE SHERIDAN LIBRARIES



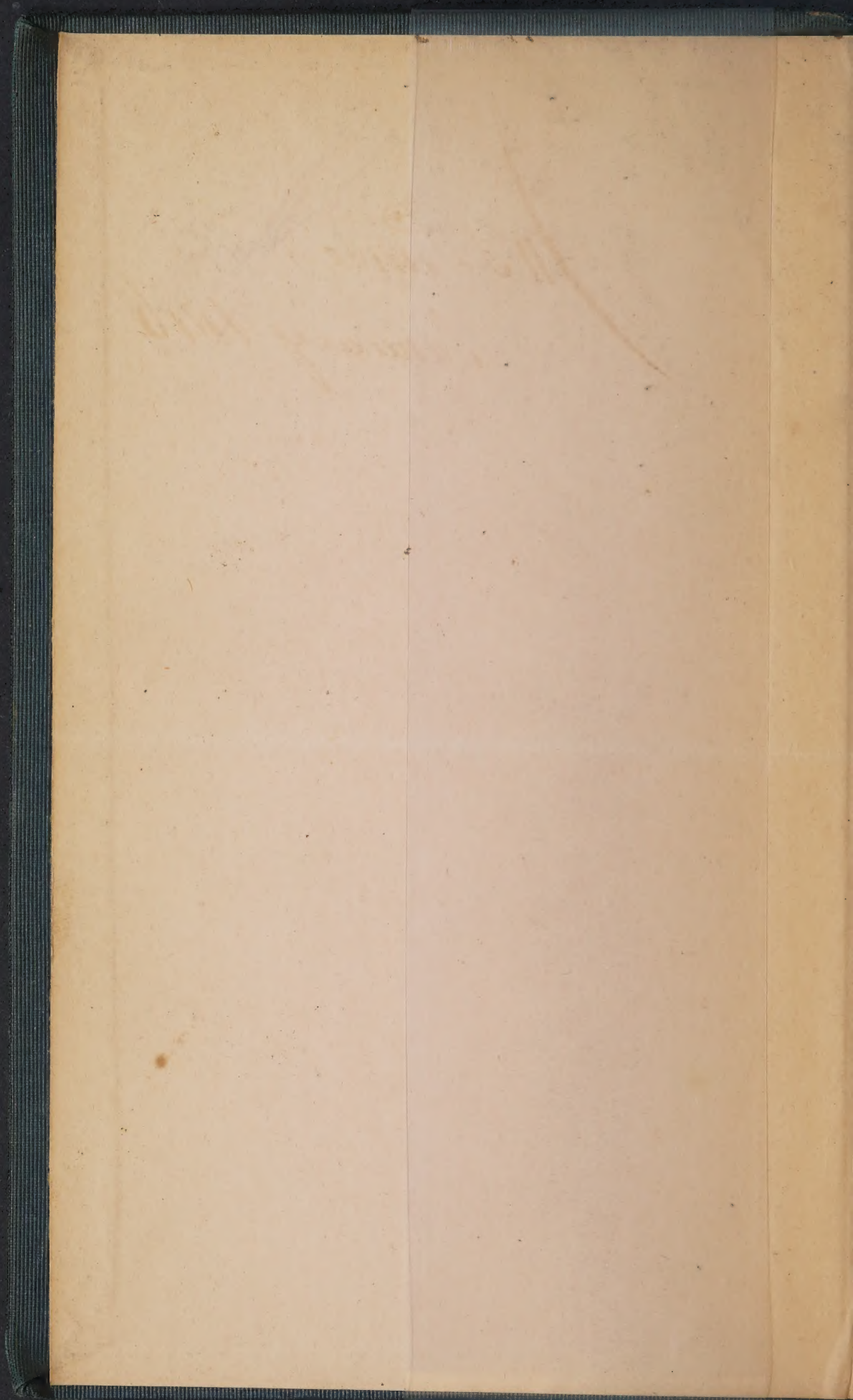
3 1151 03717 9326

LOCAL
NOTES
AND
FINDINGS









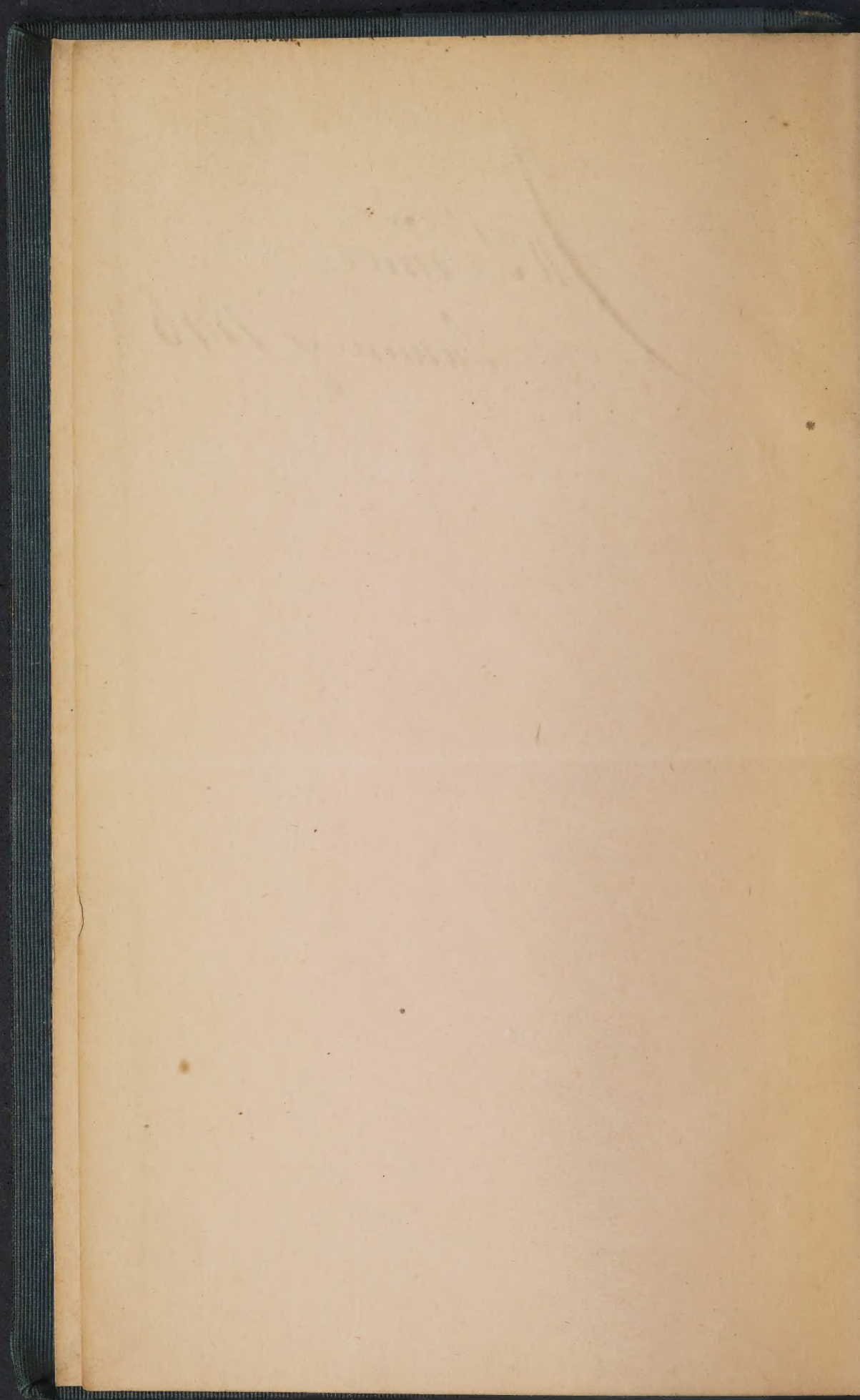
[DIX, JOHN RUSSELL] Bx

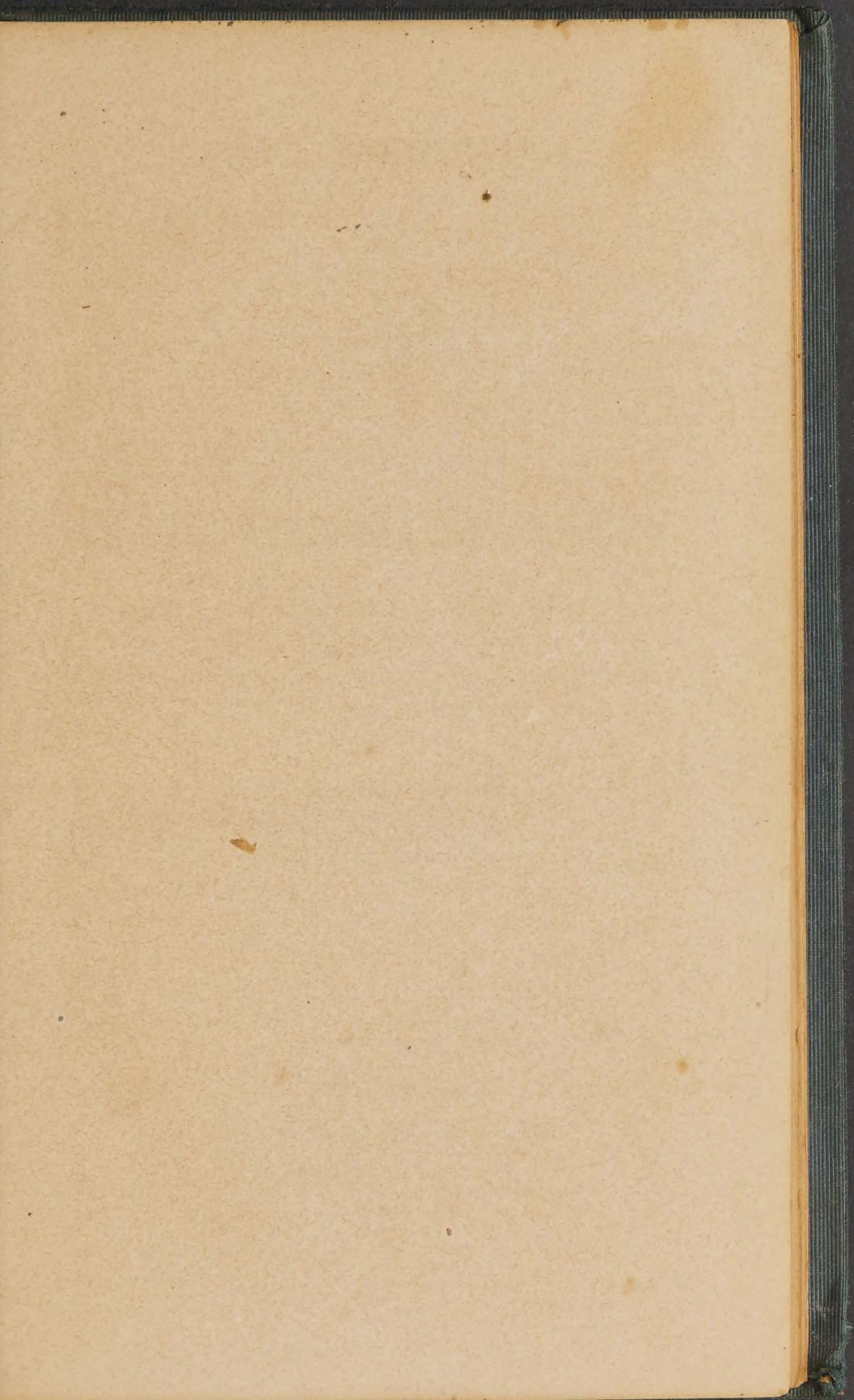
125/20

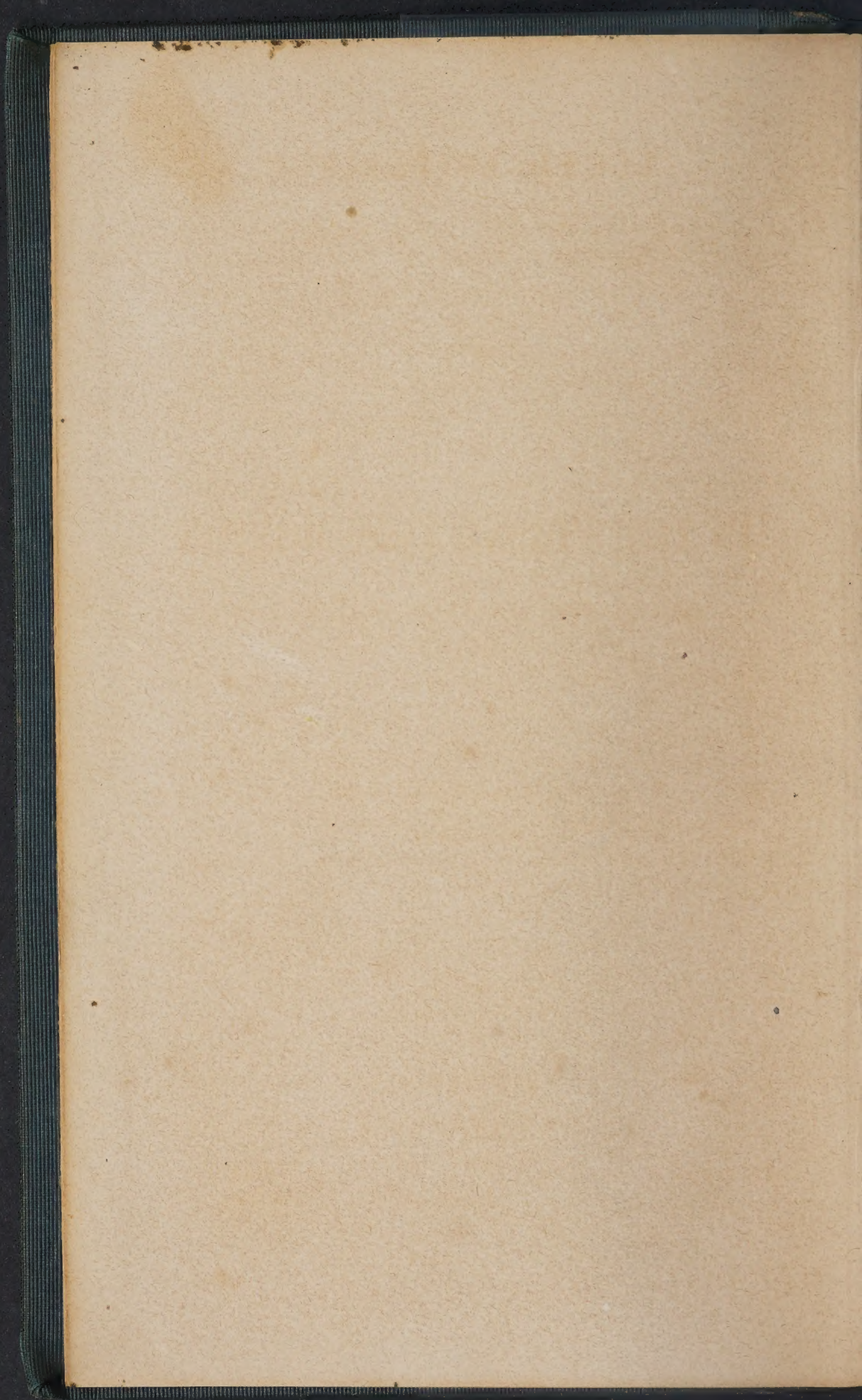
1148

J. F. Prince

January 1846







LOCAL LOITERINGS,

AND VISITS

IN THE VICINITY OF BOSTON.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

John H. Shepard.
Now, 1879, Deceased.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY REDDING & CO.

No. 8 STATE STREET.

1845.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845,
By REDDING & CO.,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Boston :
Printed by S. N. Dickinson & Co.
No. 52 Washington St.

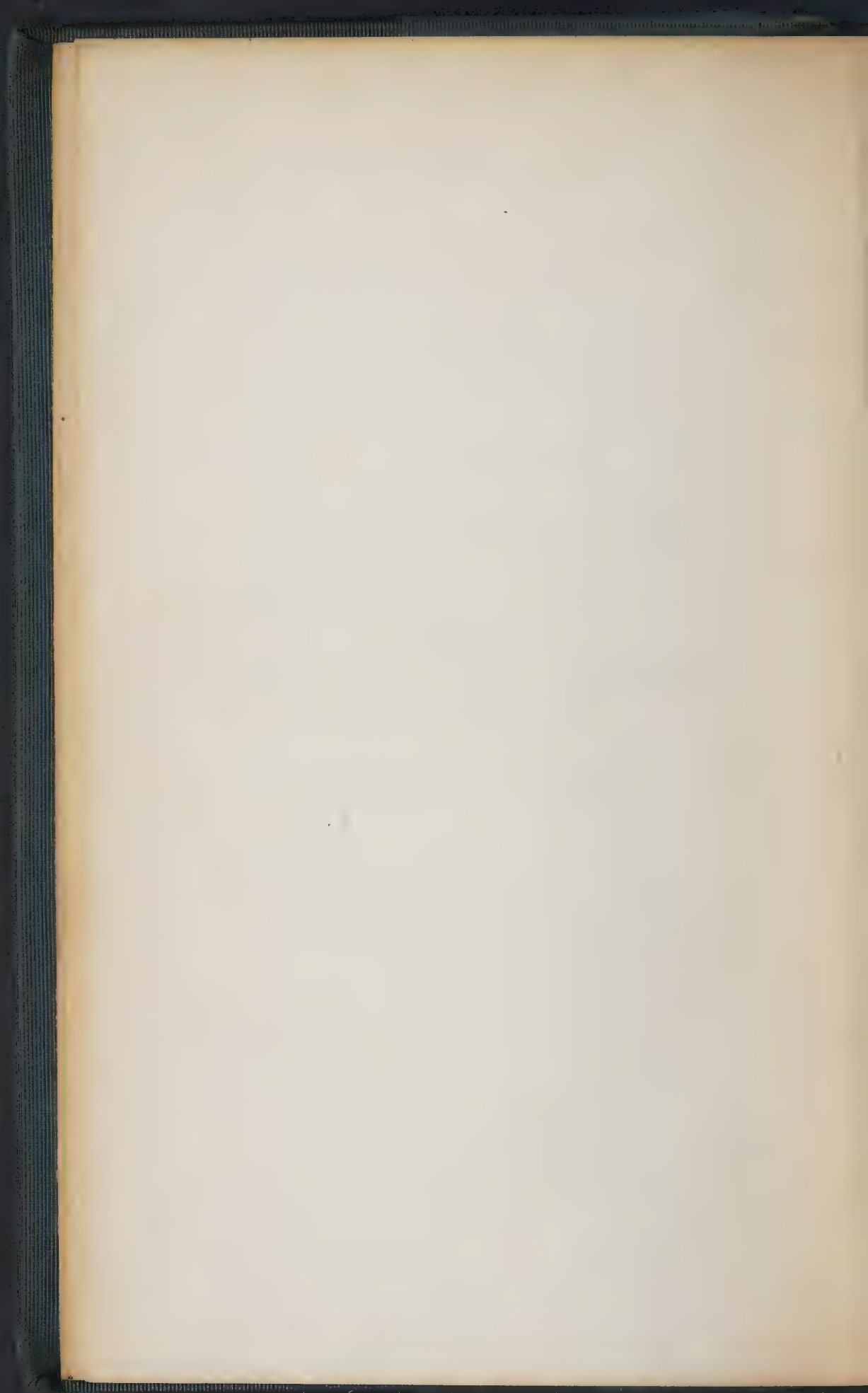
TO THE
HON. ABBOT LAWRENCE,

OF BOSTON,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

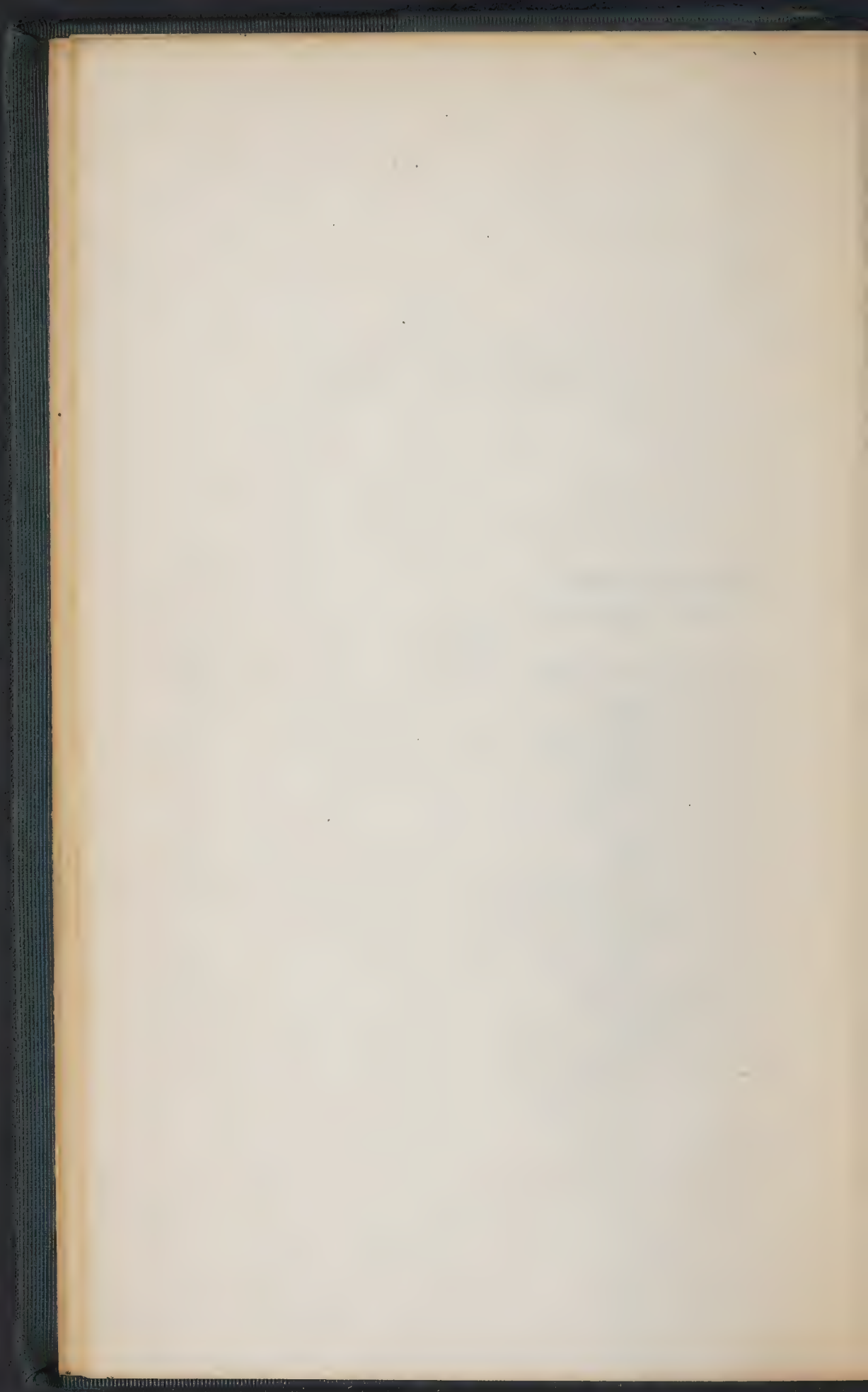
IS, WITH GREAT RESPECT, INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.



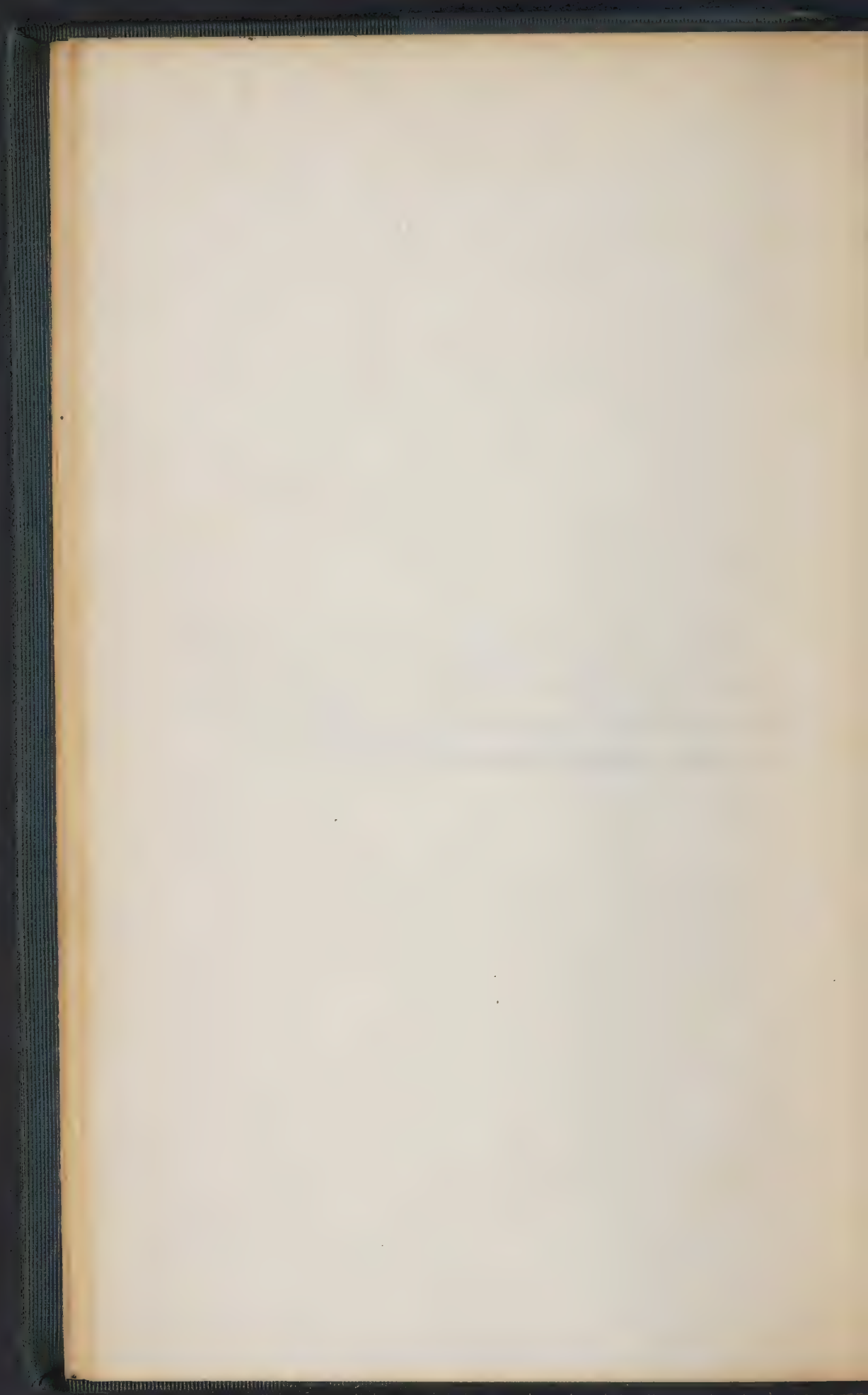
CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER,	9
A VISIT TO MOUNT AUBURN,	17
" " " concluded,	26
LEXINGTON AND ITS BATTLE GROUND,	34
A TRIP TO LOWELL,	44
A VISIT TO SOUTH BOSTON,	51
BOSTON COMMON—A WALK AND A TALK ABOUT IT,	61
A TRIP TO NAHANT,	68
LOWELL MILLS, AND THE MILL-OCRACY,	75
THE STATE PRISON,	83
A VISIT TO THE STATE PRISON.—A PRISON POET,	89
A VISIT TO THE FARM SCHOOL,	98
A VISIT TO THE CHINESE MUSEUM,	105
A SUNDAY AT OLD IPSWICH,	113
A SABBATH IN BOSTON,	122
A STREET GOSSIP,	130
MUSINGS BY THE MERRIMACK,	138



‘MANY a time, Sir, I have walked the streets, and, day-dreaming, have fashioned to myself the doings, the hopes, and cares of the householders. To my fancy, the brick walls of the houses have turned to glass, and I have seen all that passed inside.’

Douglas Jerrold.



LOCAL LOITERINGS.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE reader who may be inclined to keep my company whilst in this series of papers I shall go through the lengths and breadths of this populous city, must not expect to be entertained by startling tales or novel incidents. I have no 'MYSTERIES' of Boston to relate, no melodramatic doings to chronicle. I am a plain man, and shall have to do with plain matters, with common facts. If, therefore, the reader be willing, on these conditions, to 'lend me his ears,' well; but if records of every-day subjects, and chronicles of common things, possess no interest for him, we had better at once pursue different paths, than run the risk of falling out on our journey.

And it is really wonderful how many objects of interest lie in and about our daily paths, and how much amusement and instruction we might derive from them, if we would but slightly exercise our reflective faculties; we are too apt to fly in search of excitement to far-away scenes, forgetting that our sympathies may be more profitably enlisted by objects long familiar and near at hand.

For the observing man, every locality possesses *some* attraction, and there is no place so mean that it may not afford material for wholesome thought.

I have always been partial to great cities, not that I dislike the country — far from it; for few, when they have left the hot, dusty, brick and mortar Babylons far behind them, enjoy more than I do the fresh breeze as it sweeps over the heath, or comes rushing up the mountain side, ‘with healing on its wings.’ And then how glorious it is to dive into grand, dim, old woods, when the slant sunbeams are falling on the trunks of giant trees, and thousands of bright-winged creatures go glancing by. Pleasant is it to saunter through

‘Verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways,’

absorbed in a half dreamy kind of melancholy. I say all this is delightful enough, at least to me, for a season; but I confess that after such sylvan enjoyments, I always return with renewed zest to my

‘————— endless meal of brick.’

I am not going to enter into a comparison between the pleasures of a city and country life. My purpose in the following papers will be chiefly to illustrate the former — to take continually-occurring matters for my subjects, and chat on them in an easy every-day manner. I am a plain writer, and make no pretensions to style in these ‘Loiterings,’ which will, I imagine, owe any interest they may chance to possess, to the localities they illustrate.

Cities, like individuals, have characters; some are great overgrown places, where men go on hurrying, driving, and

toiling, from morning till night, to build up Mammon's temple — thousands upon thousands, dropping hourly from the scaffolding, and thousands more stepping on it to fill their places. In these great workshops of the world, mind is hammered down to a goldleaf thinness, so that a few grains of it are made to cover a vast extent of surface. The Physical preponderates over the Intellectual; and the masses congregated in such places are usually burly talkers, noisy theorists, but seldom profound thinkers. Other cities have a light and fantastic character — every house seems as if it were made of filagree work, and the inhabitants move as upon wires. Fashion, folly, and frivolity are the presiding deities, and many are their worshippers. To these a striking contrast is afforded by learned localities, where grave, thoughtful-eyed men, glide slowly through the gloom of cloisters, and across quadrangles surrounded by small-windowed chambers, in which the lore of ages has been nursed. Fine old places are these! One cannot move half a street without beholding some ancient seat of learning; and as gothic turret and tower fling their broad shadows on our pathway, they waken recollections of the wise and good who trod those pavements long ago.

I shall ever remember the delight with which I paced the streets of Oxford and of Cambridge, and how I made unto myself fading images of Newton, and Bacon, and Locke, and a whole host of illustrious men who in those ancient seats of learning had drank deeply from the fountains of philosophy and science. Every spot in those places was hallowed by association — here Raleigh had lingered — there Sidney had walked — yonder the room which Byron occupied — and close by was Gray's favorite

resort; men who had moved mankind or nations by their powers had here received their eagle strength, and the places which knew them seemed yet to be vocal with their praise.

I have visited many large cities in Europe, and each of them is associated in my mind with some distinct trait of city-character. And so has it been with respect to the cities of America, which I have as yet seen. When I landed in New York, and walked through its busy and thronged streets, its hurrying, driving, bustling, shifting, floating, semi-migratory population at once indicated its commercial bearing. There could be no mistake about the matter, for business lines were so unmistakably ruled on the faces of every one I met, that it only required a few figures to be added to make their faces perfect facsimiles of the page of a ledger. There were long interminable streets, with warehouses on each side, built so high up that the sky beyond looked like a strip of blue ribbon — perspiring porters, with mighty loads, met one at every step, and monstrous wheels threatened you every instant with annihilation — anxious-looking men rushed violently in and out of counting rooms, where sallow-visaged mortals, perched on high stools, peered curiously up and down pages crowded with figures and mystical marks. On the bright broad river a thousand canvass wings were expanded, and the Genius of Steam, at man's bidding, poured the treasures of the four quarters of the globe at his feet. Money! money! money! was the god of every man's idolatry, from the merchant who risked millions of dollars every day, to the ragged boys about the wharves, who speculated with their last cent.

How different to Philadelphia! The city of brotherly

love has, or had, a quiet, demure sedateness about it. There is every where, excepting just in the most commercial parts, an air of gentility which is not to be found in the Empire City. Its long, regular streets give it quite a formal appearance, which is increased by the quaint quaker garbs which envelope so many of its citizens. And it is so exquisitely neat, one might easily imagine that every house was under the especial care of some scrubbing deity. The spirit of Quakerism seems to brood over it, and a 'yea,' or 'nay,' is absolutely looked for as a matter of course.

The appearance of Boston is widely different from either. No one can reside in the City of Notions for a week without noting the air of refinement which exists almost every where. Less bustling than New York, and more commercial-looking than Philadelphia, it possesses advantages enjoyed by neither. The habits of the passers by, too, are at once seen to vary from those in the cities I have referred to. In New York, if a stranger is asked in the street, for a direction to any particular point, ten to one but the person of whom he inquired, would give him a short, sharp, business-like answer, and then hurry on at a railroad pace, careless whether he was understood or not—in nine cases out of ten it would be impossible to do so. In Philadelphia, the person inquired of would survey the querist for a few seconds before replying, and then enunciate his words so slowly that the former part of his direction would be forgotten before the latter was uttered. In Boston, the plain information required would be given so promptly and courteously that nothing could be left to be desired.

The appearance of Boston, too, is very different to any

other American city which I have visited. It is more English in its appearance, and on a foggy, damp, busy day, a stranger near Faneuil Hall might fancy himself in London. It was quite delightful to me, after I had for some time paced the 'distractingly regular' streets of Philadelphia, as Dickens calls them, to get into thoroughfares of which I could not see the beginning nor end, and which were not quite flat throughout their whole length.

There was one old house at the corner of Ann street which I fell in with in one of my rambles, that really was a source of great and peculiar delight to me. There were hundreds of better houses all about its neighborhood, houses which made great pretensions, and seemed to look down on their antiquated neighbor with contempt. They were houses of property, too, and showed off their glittering wares as if in very mockery of the humble pointed-gabled house, which boasted only a few bags of feathers, that blocked up its dingy windows, or were piled round its low door-way. There were evident symptoms of old age and decrepitude also about the dwelling I allude to — the foundations had given way, and it leaned on one side; a date was inscribed in old-fashioned figures on the front, and it was innocent of jauntily painted blinds. But dingy, and battered, and old, as it was, it had a charm for me, it was so like the hundreds and thousands of houses which I had played about and lived amongst years ago. For all I knew, it might have been one of them, transported by magical means from the midst of London, and dropped down where it then was. I looked at it as an old friend, and momentarily expected to be asked in — but the mists which fancy had thrown around it gradually cleared away, and near it stood Faneuil Hall, and a cold east wind blew

in my teeth; and a boy at my elbow, bawled out, 'News-papers, Sir—latest news *from* Europe,' and I became fully aware of the fact that I was at that moment in *New*, and not in *Old* England.

Well, it is my intention to 'loiter,' for a season, in this delightful city, to saunter through its busy streets, finding here a little and there a little—to thread its obscure lanes and thoroughfares, where poor men live, and where the hard realities of life knock daily, hourly, as Douglas Jerrold says, at people's hearts—where men and women seem only made to work, and eat, and sleep, and die. I want to display life as it *is*, not as it is too often depicted; and there are scenes in life's drama always being enacted within our own spheres, which are little dreamed of by casual passers-by. Seeing and observing are very different affairs. Thousands use their eyes—scarcely one in a thousand does so to any good or useful purpose.

Dickens says, in his 'American Notes,' 'I sincerely believe that the public institutions and charities of this capital of Massachusetts are as nearly perfect as the most considerate wisdom, benevolence, and humanity can make them. I never in my life was more affected by the contemplation of happiness, under circumstances of privation and bereavement, than in my visits to these establishments.' This is most true—but how many hundreds are there in Boston who know little or nothing of these institutions, which are an honor to their city, and which command the respect and admiration of all who visit it from afar? To promote a *popular* knowledge of these interesting places, is one of my purposes. In this series of papers, familiar visits to the various institutions will be recorded, their histories briefly sketched, and any points

of interest connected with them, alluded to, not as a dry matter of statistics, but with a view to amusement as well as information.

There are many places of note, too, in the beautiful neighborhood of Boston, pregnant with interest, and hallowed by association. Cambridge, for instance, with its University and her long list of learned sons, many of whose names shine like stars in the hemisphere of genius. Then there is Breed's hill, with its revolutionary associations, and Mount Auburn, with its chastening and pensive influences. Great national establishments, too, are in our neighborhood, each of which will well repay the trouble of a visit. Lowell and its factories are almost at our doors—in short, the material for a busy pen are plenty, and will be 'used up.'

So much by way of preface. And now having declared my intentions, may I beg the favor of the reader's company to MOUNT AUBURN, which will form the subject of my next paper.

A VISIT TO MOUNT AUBURN.

'HERE rest the sleepers in a sweet repose,
Sunshine upon their graves, and silence holy,
Shedding around a chastened melancholy.

* * * *
* * * *

Here would I rest when life's brief pilgrimage
Is ever ended — flowers above me springing :
O'er-canopied by green or russet leaves ;
With melodies on slumberous summer eves,
Like notes from angel's harps, when homeward winging
Their radiant flight, their golden lyres they sweep,
And join the bird of night in her sweet singing.' — ANON.

A bright, glad morning in the young Spring! The sun is pouring down a flood of radiance on the laughing earth, and on every leaf which is dancing in light above our heads, drops of dew glitter like diamonds. There is life, joyous life beneath, around, and above us — insects chirp in the grass — the dusky turtle goes on his rustling way amongst the dead leaves of last Autumn — bright-eyed, variegated squirrels run gracefully up the boles of trees, or peer curiously out from amongst tufted grass — bright-winged birds glance athwart the leafy gloom, singing a welcome to the flowers — and the bee goes by, honey-laden, with a cheerful hum — men of business or pleasure sweep along the hot, dusty road ; yes, every thing tells of life but yon

granite gateway, which looms up in all its gloomy grandeur, and exhibits on its front the awful emblems of Time and Eternity ! It stands like a solemn milestone on life's broad highway, intimating to every traveller that he is another stage nearer the end of his journey, and that when the weary race shall terminate, 'THEN SHALL THE DUST RETURN TO THE EARTH AS IT WAS, AND THE SPIRIT SHALL RETURN TO GOD WHO GAVE IT.'

Many a time have I shudderingly passed by the old grave yards of London. Horrible places are they. I have one of them now in my mind's eye—it is situated in one of the most densely populated portions of the metropolis, between Fleet street and Holborn, surrounded by high, dark dwellings, whose smoky walls frown upon the small patch of mortality, for every lump of the dark clay is merely crushed bones, held together by greasy, tenacious clay. Not a blade of grass cheers that lonely charnel house, but its black, uneven surface lies bare to the sun whenever that luminary can pierce the mass of fog and mist which envelopes the overgrown city. The few stones which lie here and there, bearing frail records of scarcely more enduring love, are broken and defaced, or seem 'tottering to their fall.' One miserable, stunted tree, with blackened trunk and leafless boughs, remains—a horrible libel upon vegetation. Altogether it is indeed 'a place of darkness and a scull.'

How different the beautiful but solemn cemetery which we are now entering ! It was a sweet and graceful thought to contemplate such a place for the last repose of the beloved—a spot where their flesh might rest in hope, and where sorrowers might repair in a spirit of cheerful resignation to sanctify their graves by memorials of af-

fection. As poor Keats said, 'It would almost make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a place.'

I shall not classify this stroll through the cemetery of MOUNT AUBURN by regularly recording my progress through the avenues, or the walks, or by the sheets of water, as described in the guide books, but quietly sauntering on, I shall simply notice such monuments as attracted me at a glance, and record the feelings to which they gave birth. I would just remark that I never knew one of those who lie around in dreamless sleep. In this city of the dead I stand a living stranger, *almost* as dead to the dwellers on this vast continent as those beneath the sod. Let but this heart cease to beat for a moment, and I should be more lonely than most of the sleepers here, for the footfall of casual acquaintance or the subdued eloquence of loving hearts is seldom heard near the stranger's grave.

Almost the first monument which attracts me is one of plain marble, with an inscription to the memory of RICHARD HAUGHTON, who, we are informed, once conducted the *Atlas* newspaper. What a change! The life of toil, struggle, perpetual effort, patient endurance, and ever-beginning, never-ending labor, such as a public journalist only can know, exchanged for the quiet of the tomb! The keen watcher of events, the philanthropic enquirer after truth, the sagacious detector of abuses, the controller of a mighty engine, lies powerless, passionless, and all serene, while the strife of faction, and the jarring of conflicting political elements goes on, and the rumbling of the mighty car on which the great Juggernauts of party ride, is heard, as the ponderous fabric is dragged along by its millions of devotees, who alternately shriek out their

pæans of victory, or yell in fierce defiance as their bodies are crushed by the DEITY they adore, whilst it moves inexorably onward, its wheels axle deep in the blood of victims, and the groanings of blasted hopes, and crushed ambition sounding their sad music upon the terrible pathway.

A little further on, is a monument to one who passed away early, MARY SARGENT, aged 23; and near it a chaste sarcophagus bears a name familiar to me from my boyhood, and linked with high and holy thoughts. When I read in far distant England the works of WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, and experienced the serene delight which the transparent purity of his style never failed to afford, I little imagined that I ever should be a pilgrim at his sepulchre. But 'He being dead yet speaketh,' for when such men die their very graves are vocal, and of them it may well be said, in the words of a great old English poet,

'The memories of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.'

From the tomb of the profound thinker and eloquent preacher, I passed to the grave of youth and beauty. Beneath a marble canopy, over which was a carved urn, and supported by pillars, lies the recumbent statue of a little child. And there, a marble repose is the effigy of the loved and lost. The child is represented as slumbering on a bed, and so beautifully is this work of art executed, that the cherub form seems to rest in perfect peace upon a downy couch. The name 'EMILY,' is carved on the side of the tomb—nothing more; and it is quite enough, for it has a world of meaning in it. It tells of

the child of Chas. F. Channing of Boston

the father's solemn agony and the mother's voiceless woe. That child was all the world to them, and the wide-extended globe held for them, amongst all its uncounted millions, but one 'Emily.' What need, then, of a more particular description of the perished little one? As I stand by her place of rest, I can see the little girl with her laughing eyes and flowing locks, making the house merry with her own gladness. I hear her ringing laughter, and catch the sunshine of her looks. Her light step is on the stair, and her tiny foot-fall makes her mother's heart to leap for joy. But 'the spoiler' came, and

They laid her on her little grave,
Amid the flowers of Spring,
When the green corn began to wave,
And the glad birds to sing —
And happy voices were around
When hers was silent as the ground.

Sweet, laughing child! thy nursery door
Stands free and open now.
But ah! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow —
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy pleasant voice is hushed for aye.

Oh! when the pleasant summer morn
Shines over wood and fell,
And far along the corn-fields borne
Is heard the village bell;
When the loud wagon is laid by,
And wearied beasts rest quietly,

They never more shall carry thee
To listen to the psalm
Which o'er the meads and sheep-strewn lea
Floats in the summer calm;

Their echoes reach thy mother's room,
But oh! they breathe above thy tomb!

Thy mother by the fireside sits
And listens for thy call,
And slowly — slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall.
Her *little hindering thing* is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on.

There is something very touching in the deaths of little children, but many consolations grow like sweet flowers from their graves. In the Rev. R. C. Waterston's essay on this subject, he says with equal truth and beauty, 'It is worthy of remembrance that children who are taken away by death, always remain in the memory of the parents as *children*. Other children grow old; but this one continues in youth. It looks as we last saw it in health. The imagination hears its sweet voice and light step, sees its silken hair, and clear bright eyes, — all just as they were. Ten and twenty years may go by, the child still remains in the memory as at first — a bright, happy child.'

On little 'Emily's' tomb is the following verse:

'Shed not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret;
'T is but the casket that lies here;
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.'

I am a great admirer of simple epitaphs. In an old churchyard in South Wales, I once met with one on a simple stone, which affected me deeply. It told more about the parents' sorrow for their lost infant, than the

most labored epitaph could possibly have done. In the old quaint spelling, on a plain slab, was carved in rude letters only the words

‘*Weere Childe!*’

What could be more pathetic, excepting perhaps the following, which I saw in Kensal Green Cemetery, in the Harrow Road, London —

‘TO THE MEMORY OF LITTLE KATE.’

At the Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, I also noticed one of those touching inscriptions. A white marble slab has on it a simple word,

‘*WILLIE.*’

That was all — it told plainly enough to thoughtful hearts, that bright, golden-haired, wee ‘*WILLIE,*’ in spite of love, had gone down in life’s young spring, to darkness and the worm.

There are many plots of ground laid out which are as yet untenanted — many sepulchres built whose portals have not as yet opened to receive the silent guests. I looked into one of these latter, and actually shuddered as I beheld the brick recesses all in readiness to receive those who were now living, healthy, life-enjoying people. There was a wealthy looking personage giving directions about the structure as calmly as if it had been a grotto. He entered the gloomy place, examined the brick-work, made business-like remarks upon the mortar, and actually measured one of the coffin recesses. It was his own family receptacle. The bare idea of the spot where I may be deposited after death is horrible to me, and how any one can criticise the cavern of mortality I cannot imagine. I

have, and always have had, more horror of the grave than fear of that which will compel me to become its tenant.

Here is a noticeable monument—an elegant but plain oblong marble sarcophagus, erected, I am informed, at the expense of Hon. William Sturgis, of this city. There is no labored epitaph upon it; no foolish attempt to laud the unconscious sleeper below—and it is well. Nothing excites my contempt more than those graven and gilded sentences sometimes to be found over rich men's graves, and which make their subjects seem almost divine. The name of 'SPURZHEIM' is the only inscription on the beautiful and beautifully situated monument.

This true Philosopher, and really great man, needs no eulogy of mine. His name and fame is world property. Far from home, but surrounded by friends, he drew his last breath in the neighboring city, whilst engaged in the search after Truth. A worshipper at the shrine of Science, he persisted in the ardor of his devotion until he sank a martyr on its altar.

'From the bright home that gave him birth,
A pilgrim o'er the ocean wave,
He came, to find in other earth,
A stranger's grave.'

Near Spurzheim's monument is one of those emblems, now so common in our cemeteries, of death in youth, a broken shaft,—and I know of few more graceful and appropriate; but unfortunately, so many bereaved friends have chosen this style of monument, that its very commonness detracts from the impressiveness intended to be produced. One or two emblematic memorials of this kind, are quite enough in a cemetery, for where there are many they do

not group well, and a stiff and formal effect is produced. The one I now particularly refer to is exceedingly well executed, and bears the name of Mary A. Coleman. On three sides of the base are some elegiac lines.

On the brink of GARDEN POND, a quiet and lovely spot, is a plain Sarcophagus, of freestone, with the name of WILLIAM GALLAGHER inscribed on it. It seems to have been erected by some friends, 'who although connected with him by no ties of kindred, loved and honored him.' Some well meaning but indifferent lines, eulogized the deceased.

Let us set down for awhile, and beneath the grateful shadow of these trees, read the THANATOPSIS. It is just the place to peruse that fine poem of the first Poet of America — William Cullen Bryant! for

'To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.'

But we have much yet to see; many a grave is yet unvisited — many a record of the lost and the loved, yet unread. Let us move onward through these 'verdurous glooms' — and amidst the foliage, where monumental marble gleams with lustrous purity, in search of 'eloquent teachings;' and, by the time we have, through circuitous paths reached the Egyptian gateway, we shall have gathered sufficient material for the conclusion of this reverie at MOUNT AUBURN.

A VISIT TO MOUNT AUBURN.

[CONCLUDED.]

' Here the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
Life's lingering languors o'er, its labors done,
Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the neighboring town,
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in,
To lay the lov'd in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And in this hallowed spot, where nature pours
Her sweetest smiles from fair and stainless skies,
Affection's hand may strew her dewy flowers,
Whose fragrant incense from the grave may rise.'

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

SOMEWHAT refreshed by a short interval of rest, let us resume our wanderings amongst the tombs, and read on the various monuments, Mortality's title page—the history of life written in but two chapters—BIRTH and DEATH!

Gleaming in all its lustrous purity through the light foliage, rises a tall marble obelisk, on whose shaft are carved floral emblems, and the names of four individuals, Lieut. Underwood, Midshipman Henry, and Messrs. Reid and Bacon. It is a monument without a tomb, for those

whose deaths it records died premature and tragical deaths far away.

Passing onward, we come upon another child's grave, over which is a neat marble head stone, with the inscription J. S. B. LOTHROP, aged four years. There is a very pretty little carving in relief on this stone, of an angel — fitting representation of the little one so early called to rest. A little way from it is a square monument to the memory of one who ministered in holy things, JOSEPH BUCKMINSTER, pastor of Brattle Street Church. The Christian warrior and the little child lie side by side!

Here is a monument to the memory of one who, we are told, 'came among strangers and died among friends.' It bears the name of Capt. JOSEPH CLEAVELAND, a veteran who travelled eight hundred miles to witness the celebration of the completion of the monument on Bunker Hill. I never saw the enthusiastic old man, but I can imagine his venerable figure, his gray locks streaming in the wind, and his sunken eye lighted up with a spark of the old martial glory, as he gazed on the granite shaft, which proudly rose on that field where freedom waved her glorious banner. And here, his last battle fought, he lies in his hero-grave at Mount Auburn!

I like scriptural epitaphs, and here is one. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' It is inscribed on a monument bearing the name of N. CARRUTH. Such simple expressions of faith are far more impressive than the labored lines we too often see. Here is an obelisk on which is carved a scroll with a hand beneath it, the forefinger of which points to an inscription, 'There is rest in Heaven.' On a slab below is the name A. ABBE.

Sometimes in strolling through such places as these we

Strolling through such places as these we

meet with devices which puzzle us as to their meaning, and here is one of the kind. A dog sculptured out of white marble. The animal is represented as crouched in a watchful position, but no inscription informs us whether the effigy is the representation of one of his race who lies beneath, or merely the watcher over of an attached master or mistress's remains. It is one of those things which seem out of keeping with the place. One looks at it — wonders — and passes on, none the wiser for having seen, and none the better for having been puzzled by it.

There is more meaning and more poetry in the device which ornaments the base of the broken shaft, on which the name of TAPPAN is inscribed. It is a rose branch from whose stem a fully expanded flower and some buds have been rudely and prematurely broken off — emblems of the mother and her children, whom death had untimely plucked from the sweet home garden.

One of the most imposing monuments in the cemetery is a granite mausoleum to the memory of GEORGINA MARGARET, wife of JOHN LOWELL, and also of two daughters. It is situated in a retired spot, and there with green leaves fluttering overhead, and birds singing amidst the boughs, the mother and her children lie in dreamless sleep.

The monument of JESSE PUTNAM, known as the father of the merchants of Boston, must not be passed by unnoticed. It is a column of white Italian marble, ornamented with Egyptian emblems, and overshadowed by a magnificent oak tree. Near this monument is one to the memory of the Rev. SAMUEL H. STEARNS, who died in Paris, in 1837. The mortal remains of this gentleman lie

X See Note at end of Book

in Pere la Chaise. He died young, and his brief life, though harassed by the ills that flesh is heir to, was one of great usefulness. He was at one time minister of the Old South Church, in Boston.

Let us tarry for a while beside this neat monument, on which is inscribed, 'To HANNAH ADAMS, historian of the Jews, and reviewer of the Christian Sects, this is erected by her female friends. First tenant of Mount Auburn. She died Dec. 15th, 1831, aged 76.'

I never knew this child-woman, as she might not unappropriately be termed, but I have heard so much of her simple history, and of her personal appearance, that I think I have a tolerably correct portrait of her hung up in my image chamber. I should like to have seen her when quaintly attired in old fashioned habiliments she attracted attention in the busy streets of Boston, or when she sat, whether in the body or out of the body, she herself could scarcely tell, in her silent room, thinking of her dead sister, and of the luminous shadow of that beloved relative which once she believed appeared to her.

Hannah Adams was one of the earliest lady writers of New England, when, as Mrs. Child remarks, this prejudice against literary women was much stronger than now. Her absence of mind was remarkable, and many amusing instances of the ludicrous effects produced by her absenteeism are recorded by Mrs. Child in the second series of her letters from New York, just published. Like many other learned people, too, she had a tinge of superstition in her mental composition, for she used to tell how her sister promised to appear to her after death if she were permitted to do so. Her account of the supposed inter-

view is so interesting that I make no apology for noticing it here.

‘One night,’ said she, ‘I sat up, as I often did, reading till midnight. After I had extinguished my light and retired to rest, I remained wakeful for some time. My mind was serene and cheerful; and I do not recollect that my thoughts were in any way occupied with my sister. Presently my attention was arrested by a dimly luminous cloud, not far from the bed. I looked out, to see whether a light from another chamber of the house was reflected on my window; but all was darkness. I again turned to my pillow, and saw that the luminous appearance was brighter and visibly increased in size. The shutters of our old fashioned house had holes in the middle in the shape of a heart. I thought it must be that the moonlight streamed through one of these, and perhaps shone on some white garment hanging on the wall. I rose and felt the wall but there was nothing there. I looked out of the window and saw only a cloudy midnight sky with here and there a solitary star. When I returned to bed, and still saw the unaccountable column of light, then, for the first time, a feeling of awe came over me. I had hitherto thought only of natural causes; but now a vague idea of the supernatural began to oppress me. My sister’s promise occurred to my mind, and made me afraid. A trembling came over me as I watched the light, and saw it become more and more distinct. It was not like moonlight or sunlight. I cannot describe it better than by comparing it to a brilliant light shining through thin, clear, white muslin. It gradually assumed shape, and then slowly emerged from it, the outlines of

my sister's face and figure. The very strings of her cap, tied in a bow under her chin, were distinctly visible. A terrible fear weighed upon my heart like the nightmare, and I screamed aloud. This brought some of the family to me in great alarm; but before they entered the light had vanished. When I told the story they said I had been asleep and dreaming. I felt perfectly sure that I had been wide awake; but they said I was mistaken. After they left me for the night, I almost wished that the vision, if it were indeed my sister, would come again. I fell asleep, and dreamed of sweet intercourse with her, but the luminous shadow never came again. I cannot say whether it were dream or vision; the subject has always puzzled me.'

Such was her singular account, which I leave for others to speculate upon. So truthful a woman as Hannah Adams assuredly was, could have had no object in fabricating such a story. There *are*, perhaps, 'more things in heaven and earth' of this sort 'than are dreamt of in our philosophy.'

This singular woman, it is stated, corresponded with Mrs. Hannah More. If this be a fact, where are the letters which the English authoress wrote to her American sister? They would be a valuable addition to our epistolary literature, and are worth searching for. I must not, however, dwell longer on this subject, and have only room to add, that Mrs. Adams was buried from the house of Deacon Grant, who, I believe, had the management of her limited funds.

CONSECRATION DELL is a sweet spot, but time forbids us to linger in its pleasant solitudes. Let us away to the Stranger's Tomb.

THE STRANGER'S TOMB! What a mournful appellation, even for a place of graves. To me this sepulchre is peculiarly interesting; for to it I seem to have a vague sort of claim. The other graves are, as it were, private property; fenced off, and peopled by the faded forms of particular households; but this flings open its solemn doors at the mute bidding of the pilgrim and the stranger. Here, he who goes unaccompanied to his grave, may rest until the resurrection morn, and his sleep will not be the less sound because affection bends not o'er his lonely tomb. But, as Bryant says,

'What if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living — and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their enjoyments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee.'

It will be seen that I have selected but a few monuments in this beautiful cemetery for special notice; but there are hundreds around which may well claim our attention, and give birth to solemn thought. Some, it may be, will think that I have chosen too grave a subject for this, first of my vicinity visits, but if it be

'Greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to Heaven,'

surely such a spot as Mount Auburn, which may eminently conduce to salutary and wise reflections, should not be unvisited.

I have seen many celebrated cemeteries, and taken as a whole, I think Mount Auburn surpasses them all. At Pere la Chaise there is too much of the artificiality of grief. The London Cemeteries are disfigured by pompous marbles and laudatory epitaphs. Laurel Hill cemetery is very beautiful, but the ground is not sufficiently varied in character. Greenwood is *too* extensive; but Mount Auburn, with its ever-varying scenery, beautifully undulating surface, and miniature sheets of water, is to me far more suited for its sacred purpose than any of those named.

Our tour of this beautiful place is at length completed, and once more we are about to mix with the living, breathing, bustling mass of mankind outside the gates. Let us not, however, depart, without wishing and determining to

‘So live, that when our summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chambers in the silent halls of death,
We go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.’

LEXINGTON AND ITS BATTLE GROUND.

'Sleep on, ye slaughtered ones!
Your spirit, in your sons,
Shall guard your dust,
While Winter comes in gloom,
While Spring returns with bloom,
Nay, till this honored tomb
Gives up its trust.

When war's first blast was heard,
These men stood forth to guard
Thy house, O God!
And now, thy house shall keep
Its vigils where they sleep,
And still its shadow sweep
O'er the green sod.'

PIERPONT.

A FEW years ago I stood on the plains of Waterloo, and with intense interest surveyed the spot where in 1815 the greatest battle of modern times was fought. I was pointed out the place where NAPOLEON watched the progress of the heady fight, and that where the victorious WELLINGTON stood when he shouted to the Life Guards, 'Up, men! and at them!' As I gazed, listening with a dull ear to the hired jargon of the guide, I endeavored to picture to myself the field of carnage, during the heat of the conflict, but the attempt was fruitless, for above me was the bright summer's sky, around me swelled the glad

notes of birds, and far away, far as the eye could reach,
were sheltered hamlets and quiet valleys, whilst on the
blood-stained sod rose in harvest glory,

‘The golden corn
Like an Indian army with spears up-borne.’

Peace brooded over the landscape, and scarcely a vestige
was left to tell that here a bloody conflict was terminated,
and a stop put to the career of him who was to go forth
and vex the nations no more.

I know that I felt a certain degree of national pride
whilst standing on that field of conflict, and it was natural
that it should be so. Within the last few days I have
paced another battle ground, less in extent, but scarcely
less associated with mighty consequences to the fortunes
of a great nation than was that of Waterloo. Strange
semblances and striking contrasts! here on this green
spot of ground at LEXINGTON, so small that the eye of the
careless stranger would scarcely be attracted to it, were
witnessed the first flutterings of the Eaglet. There, at
WATERLOO, the vultures of Napoleon were stricken down
forever. At LEXINGTON a mighty struggle was commenc-
ed—at WATERLOO a terrific conflict was closed. Here
LIBERTY drew its sacred blade, and there VENGEANCE,
glutted with carnage, returned the reeking weapon to its
scabbard.

And as I stood, on that bright June day, within the
shadow of the church which borders one side of the green
space, and looked, Englishman as I was, through eyes
from before which I hope the distorting mists of prejudice
have long since been blown away, on the granite shaft

which marks the resting place of those who fell there in seventeen hundred and seventy-five, I felt that if ever a righteous war was waged on earth, it was the one which had on that spot its commencement. There was nothing, as there had been at Waterloo, to rouse my exultation, but I experienced, what after all may be a better feeling—a consciousness that *there* RIGHT battled for its inalienable privileges, and that the spirit of Freedom hallowed the ground where her children fell. LEXINGTON BATTLE GROUND is to the American what the FIELD OF GRUTLI was to Tell and his brave compatriots.

At the instance of a gentleman of Lexington, who, on observing my intention of making some 'VISITS IN THE VICINITY' for the especial edification of the readers of the BOSTON JOURNAL, kindly invited me to pay him a visit; I one day last week, in company of a friend, drove down there, and received from a descendant of one who fell on the battle ground, a hearty New English welcome to his pleasant New England village.

And pleasant indeed are these New England villages; so different too from those of Old England—the former with so much of newness about them, the latter so venerable and grave in their appearance. In the old country (I love to hear that almost affectionate recognition of it) on some calm summer evening, as you descend a hill side, green and fragrant with heath and broom blossoms, whilst a stream goes on dancing to its own music at your feet, you behold a cluster of houses, whence thin blue curling smoke ascends, in the valley below, from which one hoary edifice arises in sombre prominence. It is of gothic design, and in the mullioned windows the lozenge-shaped panes glow like gems in the red sunset; and as that

luminary goes down behind a bank of gorgeous clouds, his slant beams creep slowly up the steeple, (ivy-clad almost to its summit) until at last the ball and vane glow like molten brass against the sky, whilst all below is left in gloom. Around that sacred edifice rise shadowy ancestral elms, beneath whose broad shadows lie in their dreamless slumbers the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet,' the patriarchs of the parish, and the little children who died yesterday. Pass on, and you enter the village street. Every thing has the stamp of age upon it; the cottage roofs are green with the mosses of centuries. There is the old manor house, with its quaint roof, its pointed gables, its monstrous doors with ponderous hinges, its fantastic carvings of grotesque heads, which stand out in bold relief against the quiet sky. And near it is the vicarage, a neat, modest edifice, where rose trees and woodbines cluster round the casement and lift up their flowers so that they may look within. All around the parson's modest mansion there is such an air of quiet that it seems like a little heaven below. Before the house is a closely mown lawn, across which the church flings its shadow—the old parish church! Look in at one of the low windows and observe its large pews—its empty pulpits—its mouldering monuments—its quaintly carved men and women lying in niches with solemn looks and folded hands, and heraldic devices—its silent organ—and its lonely altar—then walk through its picturesque churchyard and read

'The short and simple annals of the poor;'

then out again into the village, and mark the substantial farm house—sit awhile by the 'ingle nook,' where huge

logs are piled up 'Pelion on Ossa,' and blazing away to all hearts' content — then away by the almshouse, where aged people sit listlessly at their doors, or tend flowers as carefully as they did their children, who died years and years ago — and on by many picturesque dwellings, until all signs of man's habitations cease on the verge of the bleak common, and some idea may be formed of an old England village scene.

Very different in their quiet beauty are such villages as Lexington, and indeed all which I have seen in New England. How white and glittering those pretty cottages, with their cheerful-looking green blinds, look. There is so much taste displayed in their construction that every one of them, with its pillars and veranda, and sometimes its observatory, seems intended as a model for exhibition — indeed the little lightning-rods pointing from the chimneys, seem to be the cut-off ends of the cords by which they might have been gently let down from cloud-land — and then surrounded as they are by beautiful trees, and adorned by tastefully disposed gardens, and the clearest of atmospheres around and above them, they appear to an English eye more like things seen in dreams than real dwelling places, so very airy, unsubstantial-looking and smokeless do they appear. And instead of the ancient temple and its graveyard, arises an exquisitely neat church, white, and pure looking as the feathers of an eagle's wing — how it glitters in the sunshine! And hark! from the classical pretty turret, the bell sounds 'as if an angel spoke.' As yet, the *venerable* graveyard is not, for the builders of the temple are its contemporaries — it has no PAST! Gaze within — how chaste are its adornments. There is no light from high-arched windows

thrown, turning the pavement to gems, but green blinds soften the glare, and produce a pleasantly 'dim-religious light.' But where have I been wandering?—it is high time that I should return to the subject matter of my sketch; and I do so, entreating the reader's pardon for having flown off at a tangent from the field *par excellence* of Lexington.

After having partaken of the hospitality of our friend, we wandered to the battle ground, which indeed I had visited for a few minutes before the repast. There it lay, quiet and calm, in the sunshine, looking as green and peaceful as if the death-shriek had never rung over its grassy surface. A square, and rather rudely constructed granite shaft, surrounded by a pyramidically shaped block of the same material, marks the spot where lie the remains of the six individuals who first shed their blood in the war for independence. On a marble slab their names are engraved, together with an inscription commemorative of their deeds, written by the late Rev. Jonas Clark. The names of those whose remains are enclosed in the sarcophagus under the monument, are as follows:

JONAS PARKER, ROBERT MUNROE, SAMUEL HADLEY, JONATHAN HARRINGTON, JR., ISAAC MUZZY, CALEB HARRINGTON, and JOHN BROWN.

We were shown a house, on the north of the common, near the ground, in which one of the Harringtons lived. It is related of him that after he was shot down, he started up, and by a dying effort made his way towards his house, where his wife was watching for him. He stretched out his hand toward her as if for assistance, and fell again. Once more he rose and attempted to reach her, but when he had crawled to the door he fell at her feet and expired.

Another spot was pointed out to us, where Parker fell. This man had often declared that let others do what they might, he never would run from the enemy. And he kept his word, for when on his knees, and wounded as he was, he was trying to reload his musket, he was transfixed by a bayonet, and thus died on the spot where he first stood and fell.

Some, but a very few, eye-witnesses of that memorable conflict are yet living, and on my expressing a desire to see one of them, my friend accompanied me to a house close by, where one, an old gentleman, resided, who had witnessed the occurrence of the morning of the 19th of April, '75. My friend stated our object, to a young woman, who answered our knock at the veteran's door, and we were welcomed into the house.

Presently a grey-haired old gentleman entered the apartment, and greeted us very cordially. He was but little bowed by years, although eighty-four of them had passed over his head. His features must at one time have been handsome, and even now, furrowed as they were, they were gentle and pleasant in their expression. As he was hard of hearing he took a seat close by us, and on ascertaining the reason of our visit he very cheerfully replied to my questions.

'Aye,' said the old gentleman, 'I remember that morning as well as if it was only last week, and better too than if it had been yesterday; and I always shall while I have my reason.'

''T was just between the dark and the light of the morning,' he continued, 'and I was standing on the green—I was n't a soldier then, but I was afterward, and was at the taking of Burgoyne—and I heard Pitcairn cry to

his soldiers, "God d—n you, fire!" So they did, but over the heads of our people; and then I saw him ride up in a rage, and he cried out again, "D—n you, fire *at* them," and then I saw several men of our side fall.'

I asked him about the precise spot where the colonists stood, and where the military were stationed?

The old gentleman rose from his chair, and fetched from a drawer three very old colored engravings of the battle—they were rather rude affairs, but he described them as being very correct, and with his trembling finger he indicated the localities I asked for.

'And just there,' he added, 'I stood. I was n't a soldier then, but,' and the old man's blue eye glistened, 'I *was* afterward, and was at the taking of Burgoyne.'

'They came to look after Hancock and Adams,' continued he; 'that's most likely, and I've heard that the day before the fighting here, a man wrapped up in a cloak, stopped at a farm house a few miles from this village, and asked the woman there if Hancock and Adams were not at Clark's *Tavern*. She said she did n't know of such a place, (she suspected they were secreted at the Rev. Mr. Clark's house) and the man was going away towards Lexington when the wind blew his cloak aside, and she saw beneath it a British officer's uniform. Well, this gave her a hint, and she called back the man and told him she had forgotten before, but there was such a place as Clark's *Tavern*; and she went a little way to show him the road to it; but instead of sending him in the direction of Clark's house, she led him into the woods, put him on the wrong track, and so prevented his possible discovery of the fugitives.'

After shaking hands with the old soldier, we strolled

towards the Rev. Mr. Clark's house, where Hancock and Adams lay in concealment. Passing under a huge elm, split in sunder, its great limbs lying prostrate across a half deserted garden, we procured admission to the dwelling, and were courteously shown over it by some ladies, descendants of its once venerable occupant. It was a very old place (for America,) and had wainscotted rooms, large sashed windows, monstrous fire-places, old-fashioned staircases, and in one room an ancient bedstead and canopy, which, lover of old relics as I am, it gladdened my eyes to look upon. And there was the good pastor's old arm chair, just as it was when he used to sit in it; and the great old cumbrous dining table, and many high-backed chairs, with knobbed legs; and on the kitchen shelves were huge pewter plates, looking so delightfully old that I could have made myself hungry after an Artillery Company's feast, for the mere pleasure of eating off them. The very paper on the walls was the original paper, and as I sat in the chair afore-mentioned, I fancied JONAS CLARK, with his grave, reverend look, and JOHN HANCOCK, the rich, elegant, patriotic, more than princely JOHN HANCOCK, and SAMUEL ADAMS, the last of the Puritans, the angelic voiced* SAMUEL ADAMS — all sitting in that room, earnestly waiting for tidings, and calmly awaiting the issue of the event on the success of which they had staked so much. But time flew on, and the ancient clock in the corner warned us to retire; so thanking the ladies for their courtesy, we left the old house, (I hope it will never be pulled down,) and strolled homeward.

In our way we visited Hancock's Grove, and stood on

* Vide Everett's Address.

the spot where Adams and Hancock witnessed the first blow struck for freedom. It is now a circular space, where those who love *pic nics* and swinging, do continually resort in the long summer days. Here it was that Adams, on hearing the firing, saw with a prophetic eye the dim dawn of that day whose full flood of radiance was to be poured on a free land, and exclaimed, 'What a glorious morning is this for America!' Both of these illustrious men, I believe, lived to see the sun of freedom far advanced in his bright career, and to feel the proud consciousness that it had been their privilege to aid in the toils of those whose glorious aim it was —

'To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.'

A short walk over the hill, the patch of rock on whose summit was strewn the relics of Lexington bonfires, brought us to our friend's house once more, where having cooled our parched throats with some delicious lemonade, brewed by a master (I beg pardon, *mistress*) hand, and better far than any of the beverages vaunted by that bloated old bard Anacreon, I returned through West Cambridge in the cool of the day, to my home, in the City of Notions, in the pleasant prospect of proceeding on the morrow —

'To fresh fields and pastures new.'

A TRIP TO LOWELL.

TAKING it for granted that most of the readers of the 'Journal' are in some degree, at least, familiar with the interesting 'Manchester of America,' as it has, in some respects, not been unaptly designated, I sit down to chronicle the impressions produced by it on my mind, less for the purpose of affording information than of contrasting it with some of the great manufacturing cities in England, which it one day bids fair to rival in extent, wealth, and importance.

And a more striking contrast than that afforded by Manchester, for instance, and Lowell, can scarcely be imagined. A few years since I visited the former town, for it has not yet arrived, large as it is, at the dignity of a city, and I will endeavor, as well as I am able, with pen and ink, to give the reader some description of its appearance.

Situated on the little river Iswell, and almost in the centre of a large plain, arises a wilderness of houses, of all sizes, and of all dimensions, and all looking dark and gloomy as prisons. There are colossal buildings constructed of dark gray stone, whose stories are piled one upon another, until the upper windows are so distant that they resemble pigeon holes. Church spires here and there vary the dark monotony, and immense factories or

mills loom up in all directions, while their tall chimneys belch forth incessantly volumes of the blackest of all possible smoke, from which a sooty shower of flakes falls on streets and on passengers, until they partake of the general dingy hue. Wherever you go is heard the whizzing of innumerable wheels, the smoking of steam-pipes, and the dull rumble of monstrous drags and wagons. Trade there reigns lord of the ascendant, and commerce holds its head quarters.

To form any just idea of the magnitude of Manchester, and of the character of its population, it should be entered towards evening. Then every mill is illuminated, and as their countless windows blaze forth, they present a brilliant spectacle. The black walls are no longer seen, and the canopy of smoke which overhangs all is no longer distinguishable by the eye. At the corners of nearly all the principal streets are gaudy buildings, with enormous lamps, and into these Gin Palaces, as they are called, a continual stream of living beings enter. And oh! what a wretched procession! Old men and little children, drabbish women and young girls; youths of besotted appearance, and men in the very flower of life, bowed down to the dust, energies quenched, strength prostrated, minds half destroyed. Just follow me into a Manchester gin palace, and let us watch for a moment what is going on.

Behind a bar, decorated richly with carvings and brass work, multiplied by numerous mirrors, in costly frames, with three or four showy-looking, and flashily attired females, occupied incessantly in drawing from enormous casks, gaudily painted in green and gold, and bearing seducing names, glasses of spirits, which are eagerly clutched by the trembling fingers of those who crowd

round the counter, gasping as if for breath, for the stimulus of drink. Look at their red, half-raw lips; their glaring lack-lustre eyes. Listen to their ribald speech, and their profane oaths; and see how perseveringly those retailers of liquor smile on the victims who swallow the poisons of which they are the purveyors. How minute are some of the glasses on the counter! Those are for the children's 'drops,' and when the mills are out, hundreds of the wretched-looking little creatures will visit the gin shop for their *farthing* glass. In such places as these, fortunes are made very speedily, for as yet temperance societies have done but very little for the factory people.

And then stand near one of the factory gates as the people are leaving work. It is a horrible, nay, a revolting sight! There you may see misery and wretchedness in her most forbidden aspects. Gaunt and half-clad women rush, like mad creatures, from the doors, and hasten home where their half-idiotic children have been lying since they left them in the morning — half-stupified with Godfrey's cordial. It is painful to think how many children in Manchester are annually killed off by laudanum also. And slatternly girls take their way to filthy houses, whilst troops of little children, many of them maimed and deformed, crawl painfully along to their half-satisfying meal — children who have never known what childhood always should enjoy, fresh air and wholesome food, and kind treatment. Such are some of the features of Manchester as they strike a stranger.

How different in every respect is the appearance of Lowell. It was a clear bright morning when I alighted from the railway car; and as I walked up the wide street I could scarcely persuade myself that I was in a busy and

flourishing manufacturing city. So cleanly, so fresh-looking, so new did every thing appear. The sky above was clear, and the atmosphere so transparent that objects at the greatest distance were plainly discernible. I, all at once as I gazed, became conscious of a great absence of a *something*, and I could not exactly make out what it was. It could not be the factories, for there they were all around me, with their little bell turrets, their ladders running up the sides and over the roofs; nor churches, for I saw many white, and glittering in the sunshine. I at last discovered what it was, or rather what it was *not*. There was no *smoke*; and so used had I been to see the columns of sooty vapors curling up, and expanding into a dense cloud, that now I almost wished for it as a finish to the picture before me.

A pretty city is Lowell; and when one considers that but a very few years since, scarcely a quarter of a century, the place on which it stands was a leafy wilderness, through which the picturesque Merrimack wound its way, it is really wonderful to observe what the energy and enterprise of man have done. Where the boughs of tall trees, laden with verdure, cast flickering shadows, paving, as with mosaic gold, the grass beneath, factories stand, and spindles almost continually revolve. The water nymphs have been scared from their haunts by water wheels, and the sound of the loom is heard where once the Indian rose up at the voice of the bird.

Of course I was soon attracted to the mills, but I did not visit their interiors until the following Monday. Instead of their being situated, as in England, in dingy suburbs, surrounded by low and miserable dwellings, where the work people lived, huddled together by hun-

dreds, they were placed in healthful situations, and gardens or grass plats around them imparted to them quite a cheerful aspect. The ladders, which I just now alluded to, were intended, I afterwards discovered, as fire escapes, in case of the staircases becoming too crowded in the event of an accident. They were all plentifully protected too by lightning conductors, which stood as sentries over every chimney and angle.

I am not aware, by the way, whether any column, or memorial of any kind, has been erected in this country, to the memory of him who drew lightning from the skies and rendered it harmless. It is, however, of little matter, for, as I stood upon the plain flat stone which marks his grave in Philadelphia, and looked at the roofs of the houses around, I could not but think that the philosopher had more monuments than any living man, for every little lightning rod which tapered up from house, tower, and steeple, was a more suitable memorial than the proudest production of the sculptor could possibly be; and there can be but one opinion as to the *usefulness* of these iron testimonials to the genius of Franklin.

Having seen, and with considerable pleasure, too, the 'Lowell Offering,' I was of course curious to see the class of persons who contributed to and supported a periodical produced under such peculiar circumstances. Accordingly, in the company of a friend, I watched the operatives of one of the mills as they left it in the evening. As I have alluded to the appearance of the Manchester people under a similar aspect, I need not, for the sake of contrast, again refer to them, and will only observe that if the Lowell girls had belonged to another race of beings, the difference between them and those I had hitherto seen,

A periodical edited and conducted by Factory girls.

could scarcely have been more marked. All of the Lowell operatives were neatly dressed, and of the hundreds who passed by us I did not notice, although I looked with very inquisitive eyes, one whose appearance was slatternly or repulsive. The countenances of most were intelligent, and those of some indicated a degree of refinement, which in Manchester I should have no more looked for than for the appearance of the sun at midnight. But as I shall have occasion in a future paper to say a great deal more about these young ladies, I shall not occupy more space at present with this portion of my sketch.

I was quite pleased during my evening perambulation of the streets of Lowell, to observe the good order and general quiet which pervaded every where. Many of the factory girls were taking their walks in pairs or in little groups, and many were busily employed in going from shop to shop — but there were no loiterers (except myself,) no coarse language was heard any where, and at a very early hour the streets were as quiet as those of a country village.

The following day being the Sabbath, I attended one of the churches, and was not altogether surprised to find that the greater proportion of the congregation consisted of females. The building was quite filled, and the utmost attention was paid to the services. A great deal has been written and said abroad respecting the attire of the Lowell operatives, and therefore I looked about, perhaps, a little more than I ought to have done, during the sermon; but, really, I did not observe any thing at all out of the way. I have seldom, indeed, seen a better dressed set of girls in every respect, and their deportment was far more becoming than that of many who I know would turn

up their pretty noses at the idea of a factory girl wearing silk stockings. I only wish that we could Lowellise our English factory population, and impart to the poor neglected creatures, who are worse off than the African slave, if possible, some of that refinement, the possession of which renders all classes wiser and better in every respect.

I heard much respecting these Lowell girls, and as I looked at them I could not help feeling respect and admiration for their many sterling qualities. I was told, too, anecdotes of some of them, which abundantly proved their self-denying virtues, and their true nobility of character. Tales of privation endured, and toils encountered, in order that the embarrassments of a family might be swept away, or the education of a beloved relative be afforded. For obvious reasons I forbear to mention particulars of cases like these — it is enough to know that there are such, and many such, to confirm us in our good opinion and high estimate of the working classes of the mills.

Towards the close of the Sabbath I took a quiet walk along the banks of the river, and returning to my hotel, as I passed by some of the corporation boarding houses, I heard the music of a piano-forte. Several female voices united in a hymn tune, which was very sweetly sung — a tune learned, perhaps, in some pleasant New England village home, and now sung by the far-away factory girls, whose toils were cheered by the sweet hope of a return to it.

Monday morning! The mills are all alive, and in another paper I shall give some account of the hives and the workers.

A VISIT TO SOUTH BOSTON.

A FEW Sundays since I was invited by a friend, who takes a deep and peculiar interest in such matters, to accompany him on a visit to several of the institutions at South Boston, and I the more readily acceded to his proposal of going, as I was anxious to observe the manner in which such places are conducted here, and to compare or contrast their machinery with that of similar charitable, or reformatory, institutions abroad.

Of course it is not my intention to write any thing which may serve as a 'guide' to the places I visited, for it would be sheer impertinence in me to even attempt to point out the peculiarities which are obvious and must be very familiar to most of my readers. My object is simply to note down what particularly struck me on a casual glance, and to give a running commentary consisting of the thoughts and feelings to which such objects gave birth.

It was about half past nine o'clock when we drove to the door of a large stone building, erected on a pleasant eminence, which commanded a fine view of Boston harbor. Passing through an entrance hall, we found (or rather my friend did, who seemed particularly well acquainted with the in's and out's of the place) ourselves in a large apartment, lofty and well lighted. Along one side of the

wall ran a gallery, and opposite it was a raised desk, or pulpit, in which at the time was a gentleman occupied in explaining a scriptural chart to a number of children, some of whom were seated in the gallery, and the remainder in a space beneath, so situated that those above could not see or hold any communication with those on the floor.

Whilst the gentleman in the reading desk, the Rev. Mr. Crowell, was proceeding in his interesting details, I had time to survey the scene before me. I may as well state that we were now in the school-room, or chapel, of the House of Reformation. The boys in the gallery consisted of children of a tender age, all of whom had been convicted of some petty crime in the local courts. I could not help looking at these young offenders with much regard. Many of them were very interesting-looking children—one especially, who sat in the corner of the gallery. I think I never saw a face indicative of more innocence than that of the flaxen-haired boy. A painter might have selected it as a model for an image of purity. But near him were others upon whose young visages crime had already affixed its seal, giving to their faces that peculiar appearance of low cunning and shrewdness so often to be observed by those who study physiognomy in our local courts. Others again, had stupid, phlegmatic appearances, which seemed to convey the idea that they had entered upon a pathway of crime in blind unconsciousness or carelessness of whither it would lead. And it was, although an interesting, a somewhat painful thought, that while these young human flowers were only unfolding their petals, the canker worm and the blight

had impeded and stunted their moral growth, and that now though

‘Some traces of Eden they seemed to inherit,
The trail of the serpent was over them all.’

Here, however, in this admirable institution, they were separated from the great worldly flock — penned in a well-watched fold ; and tended by kindly shepherds.

Beneath these, on the floor of the room, were another set of lads, known, I believe, as the ‘Boylston boys.’ They ranged from six to about fourteen years of age, and were either orphans, or children for whom their parents cared little or nothing — waifs from life’s wave, now safely sheltered here. By a wise arrangement, no communication is permitted at any time between this class of boys and those to whom I have just referred. In their studies, employments, and recreations they never meet, and thus there is no chance of moral infection by contact. They were a fine, chubby-looking set of lads, and were evidently far beyond their gallery neighbors in acquirements, as might indeed be expected.

The subject of the scripture lecture by the chaplain was the geography of the Holy Land, and as he read a chapter from the New Testament he pointed out the different places referred to in the text, and rendered his interspersed remarks peculiarly interesting. On the conclusion of the lecture he examined the lads on the subject he had been illustrating, and it was surprising to notice the readiness with which they replied to the various questions put to them. My fellow-visiter then briefly and affectionately addressed the lads, after which they formed

into marching order, and we proceeded with them to the chapel, which was beneath the roof of the House of Industry, situated a short distance from the House of Reformation.

After an introduction to the gentlemanly and highly intelligent superintendent, Captain Chandler, who with the utmost courtesy afforded me every information, we proceeded to the chapel. It was a plain, neat apartment, with pews on either side, an aisle running down the centre, and a small gallery for the Reformation boys. The Boylston lads occupied seats directly in front of the pulpit, and the remaining pews were filled with poor people, inmates of the house—all clean, and neatly clad. It was saddening to look at some of them, for they had evidently seen better days; and oh! if there be two words of really melancholy import in the language, they are these—‘Better days.’ What tales they tell of crushed hopes and perished joys, and vanished prospects! Of desolate firesides, scattered households, lacerated hearts! Better days! when Hope lent its enchantment to youth’s view—Hope, whose sepulchre was now beneath the ruins of the past—when the coming of old age was looked forward to in a spirit of calm resignation and of cheerful trust. Better days, which had passed away like the morning cloud or the early dew, leaving the sad spirit to mourn over its desolation. Whilst the vanquished African king, we are told by historians, stood on the verge of the dark mine to which the cruelty of his captors consigned him for the remainder of his days, the barbarians around tore from his ears and nose the jewels which hung there, and with them the suspending flesh. As naked, the wretched monarch descended the pit, he

murmured in agony, '*how cold!*' So perhaps they feel who stand in old age on the grave's brink, all they loved and prized torn from them while yet alive ; and bleeding, they go down, murmuring in heart, as Jugurtha did with voice, '*How cold!*'

The congregation all seated—the organ, played by a blind female who came for that purpose from the neighboring asylum, pealed out its soft and tranquilizing tones, and '*Welcome, delightful morn,*' was very sweetly sung by the Boylston boys—and really I have seldom heard better performances from more pretending aspirants to proficiency in the '*art and science of musicke.*' Then followed the reading of the scriptures—a prayer, and after another hymn, this time sung by the boys of the House of Reformation, a sermon, which was exceedingly appropriate to the place and people, by the Rev. gentleman whom I have before named.

I could not help admiring the order which prevailed during service, nor being the smallest trifle in the world amused at the gravity of countenance and deportment exhibited by some of the boys. During the prayers they all stood with folded arms and closed eyes. There was no staring about, as we sometimes see amongst '*children of a larger growth*'—no peerings at pretty faces under pretty bonnets—or inquisitive lookings into adjacent pews during the devotional exercise, but all was serenity and solemnness. Some of the little fellows actually seemed to grow old and sedate all at once, and if they had been a little gray-headed, and attired in long, broad-skirted coats, and knee buckles, and had been furnished with walking sticks, they might have passed off very well as Lilliputian grandfathers.

In the afternoon we paid a visit to another establishment, THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION, a place originally designed for the restraint and employment of the idle and vicious poor, for habitual drunkards, beggars, vagrants, and those convicted of minor offences in the inferior courts of justice ; but which now assumes more the form of a Penitentiary for the punishment of persons convicted of crimes properly expiable in the State Prison. Persons are sent here for the terms of nine years as a maximum, and for two months as a minimum sentence. We were introduced to the chapel, a rather dreary-looking place, divided in the centre by a partition running its whole length, so that the males and females do not see each other during the hour of worship. A very affectionate sermon was delivered to a congregation of crime, by the Rev. Charles Cleveland, the indefatigable and zealous chaplain, and the utmost order prevailed. As I sat in a pew by the pulpit, a window looking out on the harbor, the water of which glittered in the sunshine, was close at my right hand, and the melancholy audience, each individual composing it dressed in the motley livery of the prison-house, fronted me, and as I gazed one moment on the bright sparkling bay, and marked the white sails go glancing by, and now and then saw a free bird sweep on, singing as it went — and then looked on the sad, constrained, prison-bound expression on the countenances of those before me, a half-melancholy stole over my spirit, and I felt glad that the poor creatures were so placed that they could not be tantalized with the peaceful outside view. When the service closed, the worshippers — if worshippers they were, for I imagine it must be no easy matter to send thoughts up to God — grateful, glad

thoughts from such a temple — retired in different files — tramp, tramp — tramp they went away to their cells, each with a bible beneath his arm, to listen to the private instructions of the kind-hearted chaplain, whose very heart seemed in his work, or to cherish their own sad thoughts.

I must not omit to express my acknowledgments to Mr. Robbins, the able master of the house, for his courtesy on this, as well as on a subsequent visit, to which I shall presently refer.

Calling once more at the HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, we were gratified by hearing the lads sing in the chapel, and after exchanging some little courtesies with the American, English, Irish, Scotch, and Welch youngsters, and with one remarkably talented youth, a Swede, who we were told, was an excellent and accomplished linguist, we retired highly gratified with the events of the day.

Since then I have paid a week-day visit to these establishments. As I entered the gates, I observed the reformation boys, in their blue dresses, all busily employed in weeding onions, (for it was vacation time) an occupation which was alternated with other employments of the kind, and with play. I was much gratified in going over the building and examining the large and commodious sleeping rooms, from every window of which beautiful views were commanded, and which admitted constant streams of pure and pleasant air.

There is also a very well-selected library, and a small museum. Descending to the lower regions we saw the victualling departments, all so clean, that to use a common expression, 'one might eat off the very boards,' looked into the laundry, and poked our nose into all manner of

useful places. We now proceeded to the House of Industry, when Capt. Chandler escorted us over the building, and really it was quite delightful to witness the comforts of the aged inmates, and to listen to the kind words addressed to them by the superintendent. The little rooms were neatly furnished, and looked quite cheerful; pictures hung on the walls; and we were told that so attached were some of the old ladies to their particular rooms, that a removal from one to another was looked upon as quite a calamity. As we walked about we met one silent and sad-looking woman, who, it seems, in her sixty-fifth year, became the victim of a tender passion which she conceived for a good-looking pauper who worked at the house. Notwithstanding her age, she indulged in all the lack-a-daisy-ism of a love sick lass of seventeen, and so intense was her strangely taken up affection, that the poor old girl's mind sank under its force, and she became what she now is — an idiot!

I observed, as I passed on, a colored woman perfectly crippled, and so helpless that she could not move a step without help, about to be removed to a carriage, which was to convey her from the building of which she had been an inmate four years, and which she was now about to quit, to *take the charge of a child!* As we passed her, she said, with much earnestness, 'God bless you, Captain Chandler! You have been a father to me!' and I believe in *one* sense she spoke truth, for the pleasant looks of the people, whenever he appeared, convinced me that, unlike many persons holding such an office, he was more loved than feared. The appointments of the house were in all respects admirable; but I have no time to dwell on details, and we were compelled to curtail our

visit in order to visit the workshops of the HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

Here I found extensive manual operations going on in various departments of labor. Under a large shed were stone masons, engaged in shaping huge blocks of granite; in another department brass nails were fabricated; and in a third division horn buttons were manufactured. The system of discipline seemed to be very judicious, and the most perfect order and neatness appeared every where to prevail.

On our return we passed through the grounds of the Houses of Industry and Reformation, where the boys were engaged in picking strawberries for the Boston market. The urchins labored well in their vocations; and although I watched them pretty closely, not one of the luscious berries did I see appropriated to their own purposes. Captain Chandler had the kind look and the good word for every one of the boys, and the poor little fellows seemed highly to value his approval. I never saw boys under such perfect command, and yet the only law which governed them was that of kindness.

There was one rather heavy-looking lad to whom Captain Chandler directed my attention; he was half an idiot, but possessed remarkable talent for sketching. He was called to me, and on the cover of a strawberry box he drew, in a few moments, a horse, with very great spirit and taste. He had the true artist touch.

‘I wish, sir,’ said he to me, ‘that they would put me to the *drawing trade*.’ And it is really a pity that his taste should not be cultivated, for I do not doubt that he would turn out a ‘somebody,’ if care were taken.

‘Would you like some pencils and drawing paper, Peter?’ I asked.

‘Oh! should n’t I?’ replied Peter, with energy, and his dark eyes flashed with pleasure.

I promised to send him some, and left him, feeling, as I often have felt before, that —

‘Many a flower is born to blush unseen.’

Who knows how many incipient Allstons there may be in such places as these?

Thus have I rapidly and sketchily gone over these institutions, not in the expectation of throwing new light upon their histories or present state, but with a view of acquiring information, and perhaps of imparting a portion of it to some whose occupations prevent their enjoying a visit to places like these, which, although close at their doors, are on that very account too often unvisited.

It often happens that scenes near home are more unfamiliar than those at a distance; but this should not be, for much enjoyment is afforded to travellers by the force of contrast; at least I have found it so; and I know I should not have half so much enjoyed my examination of these Boston institutions if I had not previously made myself in some degree familiar with similar establishments in my own land.

BOSTON COMMON — A TALK AND A WALK ABOUT IT.

It would almost seem a work of supererogation to pen a paragraph in praise of Boston Common, so universally is its beauty acknowledged — and yet it is difficult to repress exclamations of delight when remembering its ‘verdurous bowers,’ (if indeed the grateful shade cast by its noble trees *can* be assimilated to any thing like flowers,) or its bright broad expanse of green. Let the good people of New York talk as they will about their ‘Battery,’ and few will, I imagine, be disposed to question the attractions of that fine promenade, they cannot make the Common suffer by the comparison. Indeed, they may be better contrasted than compared. To my mind the City of Notions possesses the more charming promenade of the two.

I know of only one place which almost equals it in beauty — *almost* I say, for it is not so rich in trees as is the Common. I refer to CHIPPENHAM MEAD, on the banks of the Wye, in South Wales, and close to the town of Monmouth. It was there that the poet Gray used to walk, and he called it, in his enthusiasm, ‘the delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure.’ And truly, a more delightful locality it must be hard to find. I have often strolled over it, as the author of the ‘Elegy in a Country Churchyard’ did, years before, treading in the

very pathway which he frequented, whilst the beautiful river sang its low song as it did years ago to his finely-tuned ear. Like the Common, it is the property of the town, and like it, too, seldom enough frequented by those to whom it is calculated to be a real blessing.

As I was strolling through the leafy arcades of Boston Common a few evenings since, and watching with curious and pleased eyes the throngs who passed me by, my fancy took unto herself wings and flew away to the times when a former generation paraded there — when the noble trees, which now form such natural and graceful arches overhead, roofing the broad aisles with their masses of foliage, through which the flickering sunbeams paved the walks with a kind of mosaic gold, were young, or newly planted — and when many whose names are yet familiar sauntered there in all the pride of youth and beauty.

Then, grave men, habited in quaint appareling, rested from the labors of the long day, and conversed of *their* old times, as we do now of ours; whilst children, long ago in their graves, listened to oracular sayings and prophetic anticipations. There, in ‘the times when George the Third was King,’ did the sturdy colonists repair to discuss grievances and suggest remedial measures — and there, too, did political astronomers resort in order to watch the advent of star after star in their hemisphere, and to watch the gradually increasing dawn which preceded the rising of the Sun of Liberty. Look at yonder house, which still retains its antique appearance, and see coming from its door JOHN HANCOCK, accompanied by some chosen friends. Mark the grave earnestness of their countenances and the almost solemn air of each of them, as they slowly pace the Common. They are discussing a mighty

question, for the freedom of millions is the theme of their debate. SAMUEL ADAMS is also there, and his sweet, persuasive voice strikingly contrasts with the boldness of Hancock's tone. Patriotic men! they already saw in the dim distance some indications of the greatness which was to be achieved. And down they sit, within the shade of the Liberty Tree, whose branches wave cheerily above them, until sunset, when, in accordance with the custom of those good old times, they seek their homes, leaving the Common to those who prefer the moonlight for the purposes either of love, or a 'lark.'

And doubtless many a tale of love has been whispered in the Mall—why should it not have been so? Only fancy a youthful pair walking through those pleasant pathways in the early morning, before the city is awake, and when a thousand birds are singing amidst the branches. Such music is, we all of us know, the 'food of love;' and for my own part I know of no pleasanter place than Boston Common to take it in. It must have been quite rural, too, in the old time, for we are told that in 1646, seventy milch kine were allowed to be kept there. Indeed, its original purposes were specified as a place for 'a training field, and the feeding of cattle.' It was only so late as eighteen hundred and thirty-three that a city ordinance forbade this quadruped occupation of the Common.

Connected with this cattle reminiscence of Boston Common, an anecdote is related of an old lady, who was once unexpectedly called upon to entertain as guests of her husband, whose mansion overlooked the Common, a large party of French officers, belonging to the Count d'Estang's fleet; her energies, it seems, rose with the

emergencies of the occasion. 'And what do you think,' she would say, 'I did for the cream and milk to serve a breakfast for such a party? Why, I sent out my servants with orders to milk all the cows on the Common, and told them, if any body asked them any questions, to tell them to send their bills to Governor Hancock.'

But let us come back to modern times—to our own day—and let us take a bird's-eye view of the Common, and for that purpose we will ascend to the dome of the State House, which looms up like a little Saint Paul's. Stay—and before we mount let us admire the statue of Washington, by Chantrey; the philosopher, statesman, and soldier, delineated by the great sculptor! Chantrey was seldom great himself, excepting in a bust; but on this statue of the 'Father of his Country,' he seems to have bestowed considerable pains and care. It is chaste and dignified, and well may the Bostonians be proud of possessing so fine a work of art. Now, then, after inscribing our names, let us ascend the staircase, and lo! panting and perspiring, we are at last at our journey's end. And what a glorious panorama is presented to our view! At our feet is the Common, in all its beauty, with its tiny pedestrians. The Frog Pond glistens in the sunshine; and the 'great elm'—a magnificent tree—stands conspicuously out from amongst its sylvan neighbors. Three sides of the Common are bounded by brick and mortar, where merchant-princes reside, in homes to which commerce has invited genius and taste; but the fourth lies open to the country, and is washed by the bright waters of Charles River bay; the cheerful villages of Roxbury, Brookline, Brighton, and Cambridge, may be seen in the distance—their white houses sparkling from

amidst groves of green—and here and there graceful spires taper up, their vanes glittering like burnished gold.

What a glorious prospect from this little cupola! but I shall not plagiarize from the guide book, by describing it. Let no Bostonian neglect to avail himself of the elevation, and no stranger should leave the city without partaking of the great and gratuitous pleasure of a view from the summit of the State House. I have witnessed a number of what are called fine sights in my time—I have been present at the Queen's coronation, and at other such imposing spectacles, but I can, in all sincerity, aver that none ever yielded me so much pleasure as the view on Boston Common on the evening of the recent Fourth of July. The sun was rapidly sinking as I passed through the gates and mixed with the multitude, who pressed on towards the spot where the fireworks were to be exhibited. And as I stood on the eminence near the Pond, what a magnificent sight met my gaze. At the least one hundred and fifty thousand persons must have been present. I am certain there were as many as this, for I have often witnessed immense gatherings out of doors, both in England and in Ireland, and may claim to be a judge. All were attracted to one centre, and yet the whole of the Common was alive with people; the crowd being densest, of course, near the fireworks, the frame-work of which stood in black relief against the sky, like a fantastic temple.

But what perfectly astonished me was the order which everywhere prevailed. It was a perfectly new feature, at least to me, in such a vast assemblage. In England it would be absolutely impossible for such a mass to have assembled without the ears being pained with profanity,

and the eyes insulted by indecency. In Ireland, I need not say that *some* disturbance must have ensued. Perhaps in Scotland the nearer approach to such order might be found; but even there it would be only in the rural districts. In the course of the evening, although I kept a good look-out, I saw nothing approaching even to any violation of the rules of propriety, nor offensive to those of taste. Not a single oath, or an improper word did I hear, and there was nowhere to be seen an ill-dressed person. Good humor was prevalent everywhere, and smiles lighted up each countenance. As darkness came on, the only noises to be heard proceeded from the squibs of little boys, who let them off in the crowd, to the amusement of all, and the injury of no one. As every now and then I saw a flash and heard a report, it seemed as if hundreds of bottles of luminous 'pop' were being uncorked. Then the bands pealed forth their music, and harmony went hand-in-hand with rejoicings. In my conscience, I do not conceive that such a spectacle as Boston Common presented that evening, could be paralleled in the world. Everybody was his own policeman, and the duty was exceedingly well performed. On the termination of the festivities, the crowd retired in perfect order; and the stars, which had been very tranquilly looking on, whilst the rockets sent forth their brilliant showers, shone down upon the deserted Common, because, as Lover says in 'Molly Bawn,' 'they'd nothing else to do.'

Many glorious sights have been witnessed on Boston Common. One of them I should particularly like to have seen. I refer to the scene which must have presented itself when GEORGE WHITEFIELD preached there. I can

imagine the calm Sabbath eve—the crowd of worshippers, beneath a cloudless sky—the fervid preacher's appearance, as he read the hymn of praise—and the singing of the vast multitude. I can see Whitefield, as he stood, with his little bible in one hand, the other pointing to the blue concave above, and hear him, as now with the persuasive tones of an angel, he paints the bliss of Paradise, and anon, with the thunder of his eloquence, wakes up the sleepers on the brink of perdition. *Whitefield*, whenever he could, chose picturesque situations for the scene of his labors; and Boston Common was just the place for him. On such an occasion it must have been good to have been there.

A happy name is that—'Boston *Common*.' There is nothing exclusive about it, and the term emphatically implies that it is, what it indeed *is*, common—to the rich and the poor—common as the breezes which sweep along its surface, and the sky which smiles above it. It is the great Lung to the throbbing city-heart, and the organ in which the renovating and healing influences are to be found—a place where care may be for a while banished, and in which anxiety may smooth his ruffled brow. It is alike a resort of youth and age—for the frivolist and the philosopher. Innocence may sport there without soiling its beautiful garments—and there the grief that comes with years may find solace and relief. Fortunate was Boston in having had far-sighted men for its founders, and doubly fortunate are those, who can with pride remember the wisdom of their ancestors, as they realize the enjoyments which, in the benevolence of their hearts, they planned.

A TRIP TO NAHANT.

A BRIGHT, clear, hot, shadowless day! a day when the dwellers in cities, sit gasping behind green blinds, or lounge in perspiratory perplexity in rocking chairs and on sofas. The only active beings in existence are the flies, and they fully justify the ancients, who in their hieroglyphics adopted those buzzing plagues as the symbol of Impudence. The streets are half deserted, for the thermometer stands at a hundred. Sellers of soda water rejoice, and the venders of ice creams enter warmly into their vocation. Sidewalk and slate, bricks and blocks of granite illustrate practically the theory of reflected heat, and visions of cool places and verdurous solitudes appear to the mind's eye of parched-up pedestrians. Every body is gone out of town, and feeling, whilst we lean against the door of the Athenæum, like the last rose of summer, left blooming alone, and hearing the whiz of steam from the boat at the foot of Pearl street, we suddenly make a desperate effort and reach the boat as she is pushing off from Liverpool wharf. We are bound for NAHANT!

There are motley groups on the deck of the little steamer — fat elderly gentlemen take it easily, and stout matrons with 'shining afternoon faces,' puff in concert with the steam-pipe. A lot of rowdyish-looking young men occupy the front of the boat, the deck of which they

*Leave the water plant, & the accuracy of the mind
and the faculty, it should be known in mind, that it
that the Athenæum was in Pearl Street - J.E.P. 1856.*

convert into a '*monstre*' spittoon; and smartly-dressed 'gents' (excuse, reader, the dapper diminutive) sit aft, paying the politest of attentions to the prettiest of Yankee girls — happy-looking children are staring with all their eyes at the sea, as we glide along past island and fort, and at length having steamed through a narrow channel, we emerge into a wide expanse of water, and Nahant stretches before us like a long arm thrown out into the Atlantic, the Hotel being grasped like a toy house in its fist.

A wild and singular-looking place it is at the first glance — there it stands, a huge rock, around which the Atlantic rolls and raves; and standing on the point just beyond the Hotel, the vastness of old Ocean is in a measure comprehended whilst remembering that between the spot where your foot rests and Cape Clear, more than three thousand miles off, there is not a spot on which the sea bird may alight and rest his wearied wings. When one's home lies beyond the blue waters, I need scarcely say that one wishes for long sight, or the gift of clairvoyance. But I must not sentimentalize — let us look around on this beautiful scene, as the ocean breezes cool our brows.

It would be absurd in me to enter into any description of NAHANT. Every body hereabout knows every thing about it, from the time when it was sold by Poguannum, the Sagamore, to Farmer Thomas Dexter of Lynn, for a suit of clothes, until these present times, when the wolves which abounded here afford no more sport, and when the Puritan spirit has passed away, which prosecuted in 1688 one Robert Page of Boston, for 'settinge saille from Nahant, in his boate, being loaden with wood, thereby profaining the Lord's Daye.'

Having secured comfortable quarters at the Nahant Hotel, I sauntered towards the rocks, and ere long found myself at the entrance of the SWALLOW'S CAVE. It is a romantic place, but the influx of visitors had scared away the birds which gave the place its name. Passing through it, PULPIT ROCK, a huge pile of stone, the upper part of which is something like a desk, on which great books of stone lie, came in view, and at the base of it I sat down to admire the wild scenery around.

The rocks about NAHANT are very picturesque, both as regards shape and color. They are white and green, blue and red, purple and gray, and, in some places, as the guide book says, 'very black and shining, having the appearance of iron.' Whilst I was occupied in picking my way amongst the deep fissures, caverns, and grottoes formed by them, the sky became gradually darkened, and a thunder storm came on, to avoid which I retreated into the SWALLOW'S CAVE, where I enjoyed a magnificent view of a 'white squall,' as it swept along the waters like a sheeted ghost, and disappeared in the distance with the usual spectral accompaniments of thunder and lightning.

A fine place it is among these rocks to study the now fashionable science of Geology — fashionable even amongst ladies, whose little geological hammers we hear clinking wherever specimens are deemed procurable. Some people consider this same geology a dry topic, but looking at it merely with the eye of an amateur, I cannot agree with them — it is the grandest species of antiquarianism — but there are two kinds of antiquaries in the world, fools and wise men, one class valuing the relic for its own sake, the other for its associations with periods he can never know but by the dim reflex of history, and into which such

relic, corn, bone, statue, or whatever it may be, more strongly transports men of vivid imaginations.

Whilst the thunder storm is passing over us, let us stay in the Swallow's Cave, and seated on one of these eternal rocks, try to conjure up the pre-Adamite landscape, (which existed hundreds of years before the Indian hunted on these shores) with its flying monsters, (real dragons) with all its Brobdignag features, animate and inanimate.

A little distrust, I confess, I feel of those learned resurrection men, Buckland, Silliman, and company, who composed a terrific animal so easily out of scattered relics, but the enormous bulk of the *dissecta membra proves itself*, and wonder has food enough in contemplating them, *per se*, without pinning our faith on the sleeve of an enthusiast, who may force into conjunction members which a few hundreds of thousands of years divided in reality — but let that pass.

A strange flight, the reader will say, from this little Swallow Cave of Nahant, to the planet 'Earth Universe.' Seriously, however, one sometimes finds a strange comfort in sending the soul back into antiquity — that of Rome or Greece for example — then back still into the twilight time of Hercules and Orpheus, till outstripped in this backwark flight, Romulus and Alexander become moderns. At last we reach an antiquity that modernises even those half-human, half-fabulous, elder brothers of ours. I mean the antiquity of this planet, of which we get awful glimpses by that wonderful dissection of our mother earth, yclept Geology. What are ivied ruins, Norman, or even British wrecks of castles, cromlechs, and all we have been fancying *ancient* before, while we look at the skeleton of a

mammoth? The battle of Hastings has just been fought, (the newsboys have hardly ceased crying 'bloody news' in the street.) The fine young Prince Edward — the Black Prince — master Edward has just donned his armour, and looks very well in it, and that bad boy Dick has had *his* doffed for him at Bosworth, and looked uglier than ever, slung across a horse like a calf. As to Caractacus, he was our elder brother certainly, but we recollect him very well. Hercules and Theseus we have but faint recollections of; they were before our time of memory; but as belonging to this very identical *stratum* of this many stratified globe's crust, we smile at all of them as pretenders to *venerability*. And without vagaries like these, let me ask, does not a mind, rapt as it were, into a distance of time so vast, that it seems to penetrate far into eternity, lose all remembrances of itself, and ranging through the ruins of generations, of species, and even of the surfaces they inhabited, (now land, now ocean, and presently dry land and life again) regard even the fall of empires, as trivial accidents; a falling dynasty as one dropping leaf in a forest, and, learning to contemplate this planet in its elements only, as part of the solar system, return to its single petty hope, blasted or crowned, with wonder at its former importance prior to this excursion?

But lo! 'the storm is over and gone,' and a 'rainbow based on ocean, spans the sky;' there are two quotations for you, reader, worth not a little. Let us visit IRENE'S GROTTO. It is a singular and rude archway of rock, forming an entrance to a cave, half demolished by those who have stolen the stone-work of the roof for utilitarian purposes. There is nothing here which calls for particular attention, so we will just go and listen to the roaring

of the waters in the 'CAULDRON,' as they boil and foam below. This is a place which the spirit of the storm visits when 'flying winds are all abroad.' It is too calm now for me to hear much, but it must be a fine place for spirits to revel in when the Storm-King's legions dash in their fury over this iron-bound shore.

We have visited the CASTLE ROCK, which is situated on the northeastern side of Nahant, at the extremity of Cedar point. It looks something like the front of an old castle, with its huge bastions and buttresses. By the aid of a little fancy we might see the warders on the walls, and witness arrow flights from the loop holes; but the sea-bird is its only inhabitant, and the wail of ocean resounds there, instead of the clang of mailed feet, and the cry of battle.

The SPOUTING HORN is merely a winding fissure in the shape of a horn, passing into a deep cavern under the rock. Through a tunnel the water is driven into this cavern, and thence ejected through another fissure with great force. Coleridge should have been here to hear the old deity 'wind his wreathed horn.' During a great easterly storm the scene here must be amazingly fine.

But perhaps there is nothing more attractive in and about Nahant than its beaches, one of which connects great with the little Nahant, and the other, little Nahant with the town of Lynn. The former is only about half a mile in length, very smooth and beautiful; and the latter, between two and three miles in length, forming a causeway of fine shining sand, hard and smooth—so hard that in driving over it, the horses' hoofs make scarcely any impression, and so delightfully smooth that you glide over it without a sound. When the tide has lately receded,

the surface, owing to its power of retaining moisture, appears like an immense mirror; and as the horse and vehicle pass noiselessly over it, and perfectly reflected below, one seems to be travelling in

‘Cloudland — gorgeous land,’

for there is ‘blue above and blue below,’ every cloudlet which passes over the expanse of heaven like a floating island in a sea of light, being faithfully mirrored in this monstrous ocean looking-glass.

The visitor to Nahant will find many sources of enjoyment, albeit the place is so small. The appearances produced by atmospheric phenomena are frequently of the most interesting kind; such as the Parhelia, or Mock Suns, the Mirage, and the Fata Morgana; and we now add to these wonders that of the SEA SERPENT! which veritable chroniclers declare to have been often seen off the Point since 1819, but which I was disappointed in seeing in 1845.

But I must lay down my pen, and I do so, referring the reader, who may be desirous of acquiring further information respecting Nahant, to a little book by the ‘Lynn Bard,’ in which all, I presume, that can be interesting, is made known. For my own part, after a day and a night at this delightful spot, I returned to Boston invigorated both in body and mind; but which latter fact the reader may possibly doubt from the perusal of this rambling and discursive paper.

LOWELL MILLS, AND THE MILL-OCRACY.

I HAVE, in your company, kind and courteous reader, wandered through the streets of this pretty and pleasant city of spindles; have indulged in sundry musings by the bright and babbling river, which, winding among hills and through valleys, makes itself remarkably useful in your locality. And now I entreat your patience whilst we thread our way through these monster manufactories which give importance to the city, and without which, indeed, the city would not be. One might as well expect a body to fulfill all the functions of vitality without a heart, as Lowell to exist without its mills.

COTTON MILLS! In England the very words are synonymous with misery, disease, destitution, squalor, profligacy, and crime! The buildings themselves are huge edifices which loom like gigantic shadows in a smoky, dense atmosphere. Around them are wretched houses, and places of infamous resort; and blasphemies and curses are the common language of those who frequent them. How different from the neighborhood in which we now are, where the only sound which is heard above the whirling of spindles, and the clatter of machinery, is the chirp of the locust or the song of the robin.

It is 'ten of the clock,' and we are in the counting room of the 'Middlesex' Corporation; and having placed ourselves under the wing of one of the Cotton Lords, who has courteously intimated his intention of being our guide, we proceed to the building where broadcloths are manufactured.

What a terrific series of thumpings the great wheel gives as with slow and stately movement it goes round. The workman has lifted up some planks and we see the mighty machine on its mercantile march, never accelerating nor slackening its pace; dripping as with cool perspiration,

'It never tires nor stops to rest,
But round and round it runs,'

a great organ or brain, from which hundreds of nervous filaments and ganglia are given off to the very extremities of the body mechanical.

In the lower part of the building, the processes of washing and dyeing are carried on, and all engaged in these occupations looked like so many animated blue-bags. Leaving this 'Blue Stocking Hall,' we mount a flight of stairs, and in a long room our senses are half dizzied by the noise of looms and machines of more names than I will venture to recount. Shuttles fly in all directions; and we listen with pleased wonder to the descriptions of our friend who is obliged to bawl his information into ears unused to the sounds of SPINDLEDOM. Then there were carding machines of strange and mysterious structure which performed their duties in so astonishingly easy a manner, that the girls who stood looking at them seemed almost to be works of supererogation. And they would

have been useless too, only for a careless and sly way these machines had of snapping a thread or so now and then, just as if they wanted an excuse for stopping to peer into the pretty faces around, and dally with the fair fingers which just touched them, as if chidingly, and set them going on again as though nothing had happened. It was really wonderfully curious to observe how instantaneously one of these machines stopped, when only a slender thread—one of many hundreds—broke, just like a child of mortality, whose frame contains

‘A thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone.’

It seemed akin to intelligence, but one must wonder at nothing now, when thought travels on a wire with lightning for its private and confidential secretary, and a machine in London makes latin hexameters ‘to order.’

Staircase after staircase we mounted, and room after room we examined, and were being constantly put into great perplexities by what we saw. And when any thing and every thing was explained to us, we nodded our head with an air of great sagacity, just as if we had a thorough knowledge of ‘all about it,’ and were rather gratified to find that our companion was equally well acquainted with matters and things. Then there was considerable difficulty in preventing our coat tails from being nipped by cogged wheels which showed their teeth as if longing for a meal of ‘devil’s dust.’ At length we visited the pressing rooms, and inspected the variously patterned cloths, looking all the while as much like merchants who were about to purchase as possible, and finally we descended to

the court yard, with a confused sound in our ears, and blue lights dancing before our eyes.

But perhaps the reader will exclaim, 'What of the operatives? — you have passed them by unnoticed — the most interesting feature of the establishment you have omitted to mention!'

Not so fast, my anxious friend. After we have gone all through the garden, we will discourse of the flowers!

Perhaps the mills, where finer fabrics are woven, afford the greatest treats to visitors — so let us take a view of the 'Hamilton,' or the 'Merrimack.' The reader may fancy whilst reading that he is in either — the arrangements of all are so nearly alike.

After mounting a staircase so beautifully clean, that, to use a common phrase, one 'might eat off the boards,' we entered a spacious apartment, filled from one end to the other with looms and ladies, as far as the eye could see. The former machines were in rapid motion. Hundreds and thousands of spindles were revolving with such velocity, that owing to an optical deception produced by the rapid motion, each looked like a little model of the 'pillar of cloud,' enclosed in a glass shade. To and fro ran the shuttles between the threads, like a living thing, jumping unceasingly from one side to the other of its wire-barred cage. Whirl, whirl, whirl, went a thousand pinions, and delicate hands caught hold of spoked wheels which revolved as if they were running a race, and never intended to stop, just in the nick of time. In one part of the room young girls were bending over machines much like tambour frames, and very graceful they looked, too, as the ladies did in old times, when they sat at their 'broidery.' To be sure, at Lowell there were no recesses,

and no windows through whose painted glass the sunbeams passed, turning the polished oaken floor, as it were, to radiant gems—nor were there gaily-dressed gentlemen with pointed beards and slashed hose, and feathers in their caps, playing on lutes, and citterns or guitars. No, nothing of the kind. Nor had the young operatives velvet bodices, or laced stomachers, or high-heeled shoes, or quilted petticoats. But better far, they had healthy, good-humored, pretty faces, and honestly-earned habiliments; and yes, I will say it, as nicely-shaped feet and neatly-turned ancles, as one might witness in a Duchess's drawing room. There, in the windows, instead of painted crystal, were flowers, and shrubs, and creeping green things, so that the place looked like an exhibition room, half horticultural and half mechanical, whilst the living creatures around tended both, for which, in return, the looms transmuted by an industrious kind of alchemy their toil into gold, and the green leaves and the flowers shed a cheerfulness around, and made the poetry of the place.

Poetry in the mills! Aye, there is plenty of it for the seeking. It is no exotic, but a flower which blooms everywhere. Just sit down by this machine, from which is flowing a rivulet of whitest carded wool, soft as a snow flake, and gaze on those 'factory girls.' You do not see one unhappy face—not a furrowed brow—not a tearful eye. There they stand, not in enchanted gardens—not in halls of giddy revelry—not in places where the atmosphere only nourishes sickly sentimentality. They are all in the noblest of paths—the path of duty. With a noble energy they have flung aside all false feeling, and rightly deeming that labor is honorable, they spend here the long hours of the day in the exercise of happy industry, and in the enjoyment of a cheerful hope.

Look at yonder dove-like-eyed girl, who is just dexterously mending a broken thread—just mark that open brow, and that beautifully-shaped head, and don't forget whilst you are looking, to admire those graceful shoulders, and that fairy figure, not pinched up like an hour-glass, but left to grow as God pleases, and tell me, whether she does not look a thousand times more beautiful, factory girl as she is, than the high-bred syren whom we heard a few nights since, warbling Italian songs, and playing undescribable waltzes. The flush of youth and heart-happiness is on her cheeks, and her eye lights up as she pauses amidst her work, and thinks of the far-away home among the green mountains—a home wherein the old folks are enabled partly through her, to sit cosily down by the 'ingle nook.' A home which she has helped them to make their own. Aye—often she goes back, spite of the spindles around her, and whilst her hand mechanically works, to the sweet hill-side, and she sees the brook, the well-known brook, flowing on to its own music, now in light and now in shade, but whether in either, singing like a contented mind. She hears the small bird among the branches, and all the old familiar sights and sounds return to her, and gladden her pure mind. Perhaps she has a brother—some thoughtful-browed, bookish lad, who sits quietly brooding over books, and whose highest ambition it is to stand in the sacred desk and preach 'peace on earth and good will to man.' She remembers that promising lad, and with a sister's affection she counts the hours less long, and the toil less monotonous, because she is enabled by means of her exertions to gratify the heart's desire of one who is so dear to her. And then when work hours are over, there are letters to write, and on

Sabbath, during the intervals of worship, there are thoughts of home and the old parish church, to cherish — and hope which ‘springs eternal in the human breast,’ cheers her. Love, too, may fling some flowers on her pathway, for the darling deity is not to be scared away by the sound of wheels. And now, reader, is there no poetry in a cotton mill?

‘Look at these young persons,’ said the estimable gentleman who accompanied me through the mill which I first alluded to — ‘there is not one bad-looking face in it’ — and it was so — every eye was bright with virtue and intelligence — there were no down looks, nothing to make you think of the line —

‘Dark vice would turn abash’d away;’

but every face was open and fair as the day. Honest independence was inscribed on every brow, and it did my heart good to hear the same gentleman say, ‘I am under as much obligations to these girls, as they are to me — they give me the full value for what I give them.’

But there are other places worth seeing, and we are on our way to the carpet factory, escorted by a kind friend who has sufficient influence to ensure our admittance, for it is not the easiest matter to see the carpet-weaving. It would be perfectly absurd in me to attempt any description of the machinery, at which I stared in monstrous surprise. Talk of Arabian Nights — why the wonders of the Eastern tales were nothing to the miracles of a carpet power-loom, where shuttles, filled with different colored threads, ran hither and thither without hands, and with such celerity that brilliant flowers grew beneath the eye, as if by magic. The scene was very lively, and as

the young ladies, who attended the looms, stood surrounded by their brilliant fabrics, they appeared like so many overgrown Fairies, making enchanted carpets for some young Prince, whose castle, like Aladdin's, was to spring up in a night.

Having glanced our fill at these pretty specimens of human *Arachnoidæ*, we were shown the power-loom, invented by Dr. Bigelow for weaving Brussels carpet. How on earth it could enter into the heart of man to conceive such a complicated affair, I cannot imagine. Unluckily it was not at work when I saw it, but the gentleman who accompanied us, explained the principle, which I vainly endeavored to comprehend. To do so, one had need of just such a head as the inventor.

Somewhat wearied with sight-seeing, we left the mills and paid a pleasant visit to the Hospital—and surely never was an institution of the kind more delightfully situated. I had been used in visiting such places, to see sick people in wards, but I do not remember to have seen, until now, hospital patients in parlors, some of which looked out to a spacious garden. I received the most polite attention from Dr. Kimball and his amiable and gifted lady, and after spending a pleasant brace of hours, repaired to the 'Stone House,' with which place I have already made my readers acquainted.

Thus end my reminiscences of Lowell—a city which I took a strange liking to when I first entered it—a liking which a better acquaintance with it has not diminished. Should I ever visit it again, I shall, I feel assured, reap new harvests of knowledge, and if I do not, I shall not soon forget the kindness of persons in it, who always made my stay there so delightful, that the worst part of the place was the road which led *from* it.

THE STATE PRISON.

A SHORT time since, at the invitation of a friend, I accompanied him, on a fine summer's afternoon, to that gloomy abode at Charlestown, known as the State Prison; and, within the last day or two, having again inspected the place, I propose to make my visits the subject of some sketchy remarks, which I hope may not be altogether uninteresting.

On my first visit, I had been amongst the woods near Malden for some days previously, enjoying natural sights and rural sounds, and felt any thing but disposed to drive away pleasant recollections by the sight of iron bars, and stone walls, and melancholy prisoners! The very word grated unpleasantly on my ear, after I had been so luxuriating in the blessings of freedom. Prisoners on that bright, sunny day! Could it be that living human beings were shut out from their kind—from the streets, the fields, and the highways? For a moment, although I knew that it was so, I mused in vague wonder, and then prepared to go and witness one of the dark pages of the mysterious book of human life!

Through busy streets, over a long wooden bridge, and along a railway track, we proceeded towards a huge building of grey stone. It was of no particular order of architecture. Sepulchres for the dead, and cells for the

living need little of style about them, nor are their inhabitants very particular in this respect. So perhaps it is as well that no outward exhibition or ornament should mock the gloom and desolation within.

After passing through a court yard and ascending a flight of stone steps, we entered a large, low, square apartment, the walls of which were ornamented with guns, some comfortably wrapt up in woollens, and others of such a fierce and warlike appearance, that their state of repose seemed little less than marvellous. There were great brass-mounted horse pistols, too, with their muzzles stuck ferociously into thick leathern holsters; and swords of monstrous sizes dangled from pegs, all giving dusty evidence of piping times of peace.

A hall-keeper, or turnkey, (I know not his exact designation,) sat in this apartment, in a chair, close to a window which overlooked the prison yard, reading a newspaper, from which every now and then he raised his eyes, and gazed through the panes, as if some great and urgent necessity required his attention in that direction. About half a dozen squashes, a stove, a list of officers' turns on duty, indicated by little pegs stuck in a board with holes drilled in it to receive them, and a few chairs and a desk, constituted the furniture of the place, which, from its containing the fragment of an armory alluded to, was called a 'guard room.'

There was a room adjoining this, on the walls of which were hung some quaint pictures of ships in distress, and other pleasant matters of that kind, and over the fire-place was a view in oil of the prison yard, including a procession of the inmates in their motley-colored dress, which was introduced to enliven the scene. I cannot say much for

the execution of these works of art, which I do not remember to have seen in any catalogue extant.

Having exhibited our passports, the officer, thrusting his head into a recess near the window, did, by means of some complicated machinery, cause a distinct rattling of bars, and the opening of a door outside. Through an inner and then through an outer gate we passed, and found ourselves at the head of some stone steps, down which we went into the yard of the prison.

It was a dismal, damp, sloppy locality. Two or three men, clad in motley-colored dresses and grotesque caps, eyed us askant as we walked along, and then turned sullenly to their occupation of moving some loose stones. There was that afternoon to be an address delivered to the prisoners on Temperance, and of a tall, burly keeper, who stood by with his hands and half of his arms buried in immense pockets, we inquired our way to the chapel. He directed us to a long, low range of buildings opposite to where we stood, and we were soon seated in the Prison sanctuary.

This place of worship had no gothic arches, nor clustered pillars, nor traceried and fretted roof, nor windows affording a dim religious light. There were no pleasantly-situated pews, so curtained off, and so luxuriously cushioned that one could hardly confess oneself a 'miserable sinner' whilst in them. Nor were there magnificent altar pieces, or carved cherubim, or stately monuments emblazoned with graven and gilded lies. No — none of these things. The walls were whitewashed, the roof was plain. The only thing approaching to the similitude of a pillar was the stove pipe, and this faint resemblance was almost destroyed by its zigzag shape. The benches were of plain

timber, the pulpit unornamented, and nothing but excessive cleanliness was very conspicuous. Near the pulpit were one or two raised seats, for the warden and visitors, and to one of them we were shown.

Without being pleasantly chimed to church, the congregation came in. Sexton and beadle were not, but every forty or fifty men who entered were attended by a keeper. Tramp — tramp — tramp went their thick shoes, as they proceeded down the aisle to their respective seats. At length the place was filled with men of all ages — a congregation of crime.

At the far end of the room a dozen or more of the prisoners sat somewhat apart. They had a violin, a clarinet, and a few flutes. This was the prison choir. The musical instruments looked strangely out of place there, and I almost fancied, as they lay near each other, that if they were left alone they would get up a small lively concert on their own account, in order to dispel the gloom of the place. They had not, however, the opportunity, for their services were soon put in requisition.

A solemn congregation was that, and one which of itself preached a touching sermon from the text, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' 'Be sure thy sins will find thee out,' was as plainly written on the walls as if a shadowy hand had inscribed it there in luminous characters. Every one of the prisoners was clad in a uniform of grey and dingy red coarse cloth. Their persons were all clean — their hair well brushed — and amongst them I observed many whose countenances bespoke no mean powers of mind. There were old grey-headed sinners, over whose faces Time and Crime had gone hand in hand, ploughing deep furrows — and young men beside them

who wore reckless smiles, which were fast changing into looks of perfect hardihood. Some scowled—others leered at their companions—many sat with subdued, saddened countenances—and many appeared intelligent, and would, but for the prison dress, have looked even manly. But that garb of disgrace half suppressed the beatings of many a heart, chafed the spirit, and forced its wearer to bear about with him a visible degradation, perhaps—terrible idea—through LIFE!

It would be foreign to my purpose to give a sketch of the lecture or the lecturer here. After the address had terminated, a prayer was offered up, in which the suppliant entreated that God in his mercy would bless the prisoners, their mothers, wives, and children; and at the mention of these dear familiar names, many an eye grew dim with tears. Then followed a piece of music, loudly and lustily, if not skillfully, sung, and the service was concluded.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, again, as in long files, and separate detachments, the prisoners left the chapel. As they passed through the court yard they drew up in ranks for a minute or two, underwent a slight drill, and then, each one taking with him a small vessel of water, was conducted to his cell—some to ponder over the past, some to contemplate the future, and a few to wish that the dreary life which was and always would be, bounded by the dim cells of a prison, were ended.

* * * * *

I paid a second visit to the prison a day or two since, for the purpose of witnessing the every-day occupations of the persons confined there; and before I pen any description of what I saw, I feel it a duty and a pleasure

to acknowledge the courtesy of the Warden, Mr. Robinson, who accompanied me in my rounds, and pointed out every object deserving of notice.

On entering the great yard of the place, I was forcibly struck with the difference between it and that of any other institution of the kind I had ever witnessed. Here were heaps of furniture in different stages of manufacture ; and if the men about had not worn the prison dress, I should have imagined myself to have been in a cabinet maker's wholesale establishment. All around were workshops of different trades, and the hum of labor was every where heard ; but I must defer my tour through the building until my next, when I shall have the pleasure of presenting the reader with some interesting facts which I picked up in my 'loitering,' and with a poem, written by one of the prisoners, which is a remarkable production of its kind, and will, I am sure, be read with no little interest.

A VISIT TO THE STATE PRISON.—A PRISON POET.

[CONCLUDED.]

PASSING through the prison yard in company with the warden, who obligingly afforded me every facility for examining the establishment, I entered an immense shed where a number of men were engaged in shaping huge blocks of granite and mill stones. They were every one clothed in the prison garb of dingy red and grey—and as they busily labored, there was an evident difference between them and those who wrought in freedom. Here there was nothing of that cheerfulness which appears on the countenances of those who rise with the lark and go to their daily avocations, which are cheered by the prospect of repose in a happy home. Not a man, or even boy, of them all, whistled a merry tune, or, amid the brief intervals of labor, burst forth into a joyous stave. There was only the dull click of the hammer, or the sharp sound of a chisel. Labor in this place ruled with a rod of iron, and his slaves looked dogged and discontented, for there was not that hope of reward to sweeten the daily toil which urges on the freeman, as he guides the plough, or drives the wheel. As we passed on, I could observe furtive glances, and ferocious looks, and sullen scowls, and the thought rapidly passed across my mind, ‘What is to hinder all these men, whom laws

could not terrify from the commission of crime, from rising, and, armed as they are with those ponderous hammers, attacking the few persons who guard them? It would seem an easy thing enough to have despatched the Warden and myself whilst among them, but a look of his warned them into obedience and subjection, and we passed on harmless.

‘There are none convicted of any capital crime in this department,’ said the Warden, in reply to a question which I put to him; ‘but in the next workshop there are several murderers.’

We entered a place where a number of prisoners were engaged in making brushes, and other articles. At the upper end of the apartment was a boiler, by which was standing some men, engaged in felting. Pointing to one of them, my companion said, ‘There is a murderer!’

I looked in the direction he indicated, and saw a colored man of a stature below the middle size, and of a light, active-looking frame. There was nothing ferocious, but something very determined, in his countenance, and I should not have taken him for one who had shed his fellow-man’s blood. This was PETER YORK, who, the reader will remember, killed a man at the entrance of a house of bad repute in Boston. He was condemned to be hanged, but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

‘Look at that man a little way behind him,’ said the guide; ‘there is another murderer; he killed two men and almost massacred another.’

I did as he directed me, and observed a man who might have numbered some sixty years; he was grey-headed, of an athletic form, not at all bowed by age, and

was engaged making kegs for white lead. Seeing that he was an object of attention, he paused amidst his work, and turning round looked me full in the face, and so repulsive a countenance I have very rarely seen. The grotesque prison cap which he wore, was stuck on the summit of his head, and the point of it standing up over his forehead, and the two side pieces of the rim projecting over his ears, somewhat like horns, made him look not unlike the pictures of Mephistopheles in Restch's *Outlines of Faust*. His eyes were very large, of a light color, and impudently diabolical in their expression; he had a small nose, a large mouth, and a pointed chin. Altogether he looked the very incarnation of evil.

The name of the murderer of almost three fellow creatures was SETH PERRY. He had been a rum-seller, and in his drunken frenzy had shot down three of his customers, victims to intemperance! Here was a terrible example to those who 'tarry long at the wine,' a fearful specimen of the effects of the trade in that which intoxicates. There stood the murderer unabashed, unconfounded, and apparently as unconcerned as if the blood of his brethren had not gone up to God, with a cry of vengeance. By some means or other he had only been convicted of manslaughter, and so was condemned to imprisonment for a long term of years; after that, perhaps he will, on leaving his prison, resume his trade of death, for unless the majesty of the law shall restrict and abolish the abominable traffic in alcohol, there will be nothing to hinder such men as the murderous rum-seller from killing by poison as well as by bullet.

I turned, with shuddering repugnance, from the wretched man, and when I had gone some distance from

him I looked round, and there he was, his head resting on a stone, his great grey eyes staring at me, his lips compressed, and his brow knit up as if in defiance. He looked perfectly frightful. If ever there was a heart which could or would not repent, it must, I think, have been the one which had the breast of that hardened-looking old man.

We next went into a shop where cabinet goods were being manufactured. Sofas in different stages of construction were all around, and scores of men were busy in making different articles of furniture. I was informed that, although every one I saw seemed to be an expert workman, scarcely one in ten of those who became inmates of the prison had any knowledge of a trade, when they first entered their gloomy abode. The good effects of thus providing the prisoners with the means of learning their trade when they regained their liberty, was shown by the fact that comparatively very few became a second time, tenants of the gloomy abode.

‘There is another murderer,’ said the Warden — ‘that stupid-looking man yonder, perfectly harmless when sober, but when drunk there is no controlling him ; he got intoxicated and murdered a woman with a scythe ; he actually *mowed her down*. That rather good-looking prisoner,’ he continued, ‘murdered a man, under circumstances of great provocation ; he has been here many years, and will probably get pardoned out ; he behaves very well, as indeed, all of those convicted of murder do.’

I asked him the reason why this should be the case, but failed to ascertain the precise cause. As, however, every one, or nearly every one of the prisoners who had committed murder, did so while under the influence of

liquor, it may fairly be assumed that the withdrawal of the maddening potations was the cause of their altered conduct. I leave this, however, for others to decide upon.

We visited the hospital, which was well ventilated, and contained but few patients, who were for the most part complaining of summer cholera; then we went to the kitchen, which was exquisitely neat and clean; to the bakery, wash-houses, &c., where all the arrangements were perfect of their kind.

In going round the cells and on inspecting their interiors, I could not but remark the different manner in which they were kept by the prisoners. In some, no attention had been paid beyond what was actually necessary, and in others, on the contrary, the few little comforts allowed in the place had been made the most of. The neatest cell was that of a murderer—an old man who had stabbed a girl to whom he was paying attention, because she would not marry him, and he was determined she should have nobody else. There were little strips of carpet by the side of his bunk, books on some shelves, and from some scraps of tin he had plaited ornamental baskets which were placed on a shelf. There were also some books and pictures in the place. The cells were in tiers, one above the other, round which ran galleries. Only one individual occupied each, and the utmost cleanliness and comfort (for such a place) was observable. ‘The best way to reform men,’ said my guide, ‘is to make them comfortable.’

We now visited the shop where two engravers were at work. One of them was a pale, worn-out, anxious-looking man, engaged in cutting a plate for one of the Lowell

factories. He was evidently skillful in his occupation; he sat at an open window, looking out on the bay, and as he spoke to me there was something inexpressibly sad in his countenance. He was confined there for some petty offence committed whilst he was in liquor — another fearful warning to the intemperate.

After we had left him, the Warden said to me, 'That man has written some verses on his imprisonment. A few days ago he told me that he had some thoughts in his head which he should like to write down if I would allow him the use of a pencil and paper. I did so, and he presented me with a poem the day before yesterday.'

By the kind permission of Mr. Robinson, I am enabled to lay the poem before my readers, and they will at once perceive that it is the production of a thinking man. Without possessing any great merit as a poetical production, it conveys a powerful moral lesson and a warning. Preferring that the poor prison poet should tell his own story, I subjoin his lines in preference to indulging in any moral disquisitions myself on the subject of my visit to the State Prison :

L I N E S

WRITTEN BY A CONVICT IN MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

Of't have I paced this lonely cell,
With care-worn brow and heaving breast,
And vainly seeking for some spell
To lull this troubled heart to rest;
I've search'd each nook in mem'ry's store, —
Have trac'd my course from infancy, —
And call'd up friends who are no more,
Who loved me well, when I was free.

I've thought to shun that chilling blast,
That swept my early hopes away,
And from the shadow of the Past,
Have tried to gleam a cheering ray ;
I've loitered long on childhood's years,
When kindly friends encircled me,
Supplied my wants, dried up my tears, —
Then I was happy, — I was free.

But weary thought returns again,
And then reality appears ;
It only adds to error's chain,
Those links that have been hid for years.
I cannot hide those guilty stains,
I cannot shun my misery ;
Of all my friends not one remains —
'T is vain to think I e'er was free.

My wife, my partner of the past,
Who vowed before the holy shrine,
As long as life's brief course should last,
To link her earthly lot with mine —
They say she has annulled that vow,
And ta'en my babes away from me ;
And even she forgets me now,
Who loved so well when I was free.

My friends they left me one by one,
Like ruthless leaves when summer's past,
That leave the stem they rested on
Alone, to bear the winter's blast ;
And I alone my grief endure,
E'en pity has no tear for me ;
And, if she had, 't would not restore
Departed days, when I was free.

Yet Hope ! still faithful to the last,
(*The prisoner sees her glittering rays
Like gems into his dungeon cast,*)
She bids me look for better days.
And then experience points a course
And from temptation bids me flee,

A VISIT TO THE STATE PRISON.

And bids me join this Temperance force ;
 The TEMPERANCE PLEDGE will keep me free.

'T was Alcohol, deceitful fiend !
 That lured me with his essence sweet.
 I only knew him as a friend,
 I had not seen his cloven feet.
 But now, the scales are from my eyes ;
 His hideous form too plain I see,
 To trust again whate'er his guise ;
 I'll spurn his path when I am free.

Some are there who may think me gay,
 And deem I need not pity's tear, —
 'T is only feigned, to hide away
 The sorrow that is lurking here.
 And ah ! they know not with what power
 The prisoner feels adversity,
 When at lone midnight's sleepless hour,
 He thinks on days when he was free.

Oh ! reader, may you never feel
 Those pangs that sting a guilty breast,
 The throbbing wound that cannot heal,
 The troubled mind that cannot rest.
 Such sorrows that no tongue can tell,
 Of want, and woe, and misery,
 The prisoner feels in his lone cell,
 With heart that's panting to be free.

He knows there is another cell,
 Where Hope no more can shed her rays,
 Where sinners must with demons dwell,
 Where dark despair her sceptre sways.
 'T is there repentance is too late,
 He's doomed to all eternity,
 He feels the justice of his fate,
 He knows he never can be free.

But God, benevolent, can save
 The sinner from so dark a doom ;
 There is a power, that robs the grave,
 And saves the victim from its gloom.

There is a Lamb for sinners slain;
Behold the Saviour's on a tree!
His blood can cleanse the guiltiest stain,
And set the weary captive free.

These fettered limbs had parent's care,
Who showed the path of rectitude,
And taught these lips to lisp a prayer,
To Father for my daily food;
Now to that Father I will go,
And daily bow the humble knee;
And seek His aid to heal my woe,
To keep me now, and when I'm free.

And if these erring feet should tread,
Once more upon this world's broad stage,
I'll strive to earn my daily bread,
From precepts in the sacred page;
I'll strive to do by other men
As I would they should do by me;
And God will make me happy then,
And from a prison keep me free.

C. M.

A VISIT TO THE FARM SCHOOL.

ON a bright and beautiful morning, a short time since, I accepted the invitation of one of the managers of that excellent institution, the BOSTON ASYLUM AND FARM SCHOOL for Indigent Boys, situated on Thompson's Island, to pay it a visit, and accordingly at nine of the clock, I stepped on the deck of Captain Beal's beautiful steamer, the 'May Flower,' and was soon fast sailing across the blue waters, whilst the city lay behind us in the clear sunshine, like a beautiful panorama—the dome of the State House looming up, resembling a little Saint Paul's.

I had a great anxiety to see this place, and for this reason—that we have not in England any institutions of a similar kind. I was desirous of seeing how the system worked, and to add to my list of admirable institutions already visited, yet another.

It was, it seemed, the day appointed for the occasional visit of the friends of the boys to the Island—and the deck of the steamer was crowded with little groups, who were laden with savory presents for their young relatives. They all looked happy in anticipation, and as we neared the island, it was quite delightful to see how faces brightened up, and how bundles were got ready, and how they all crowded to the head of the boat to be in readiness to

jump ashore first, and say all manner of kind things to the Farm School boys.

I am sure that I need not say any thing about the rules, regulations, or objects of the institution. Every one whose eyes may rest on these pages will be thoroughly acquainted with them, for I do not even suppose that any citizen of Boston can be ignorant of the particulars respecting its numerous benevolent institutions. I shall only repeat then what a gentleman said to me on board the 'May Flower': 'That little island reminds one of the old mythological fables of LATONA, who, when she had no place on earth for her to bring forth and rear up her young, had an island created for her own special uses; and something like it exists here, for when the boys who prowl about our city streets, fatherless, motherless, forlorn, and homeless, are discovered, this little Thompson's Island rises as a refuge for them, and here they are sheltered and educated until they are fit to go forth into the great world and battle manfully with it.'

As soon as we landed, we proceeded with the living stream of fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, to the main building, which is an edifice constructed of brick, and of very neat and substantial appearance, consisting of a projecting centre and two wings. Mounting a few stairs, and turning to the right, we found ourselves in the school room, a spacious apartment, forty-eight feet long by thirty-three wide, and well lighted and ventilated. On this joyous occasion, great pains had been taken by the boys to decorate it, and in every window there were great bunches of asparagus plant, on the sprays of which were tied different colored flowers, which gave them

somewhat the appearance of floricultural harlequins. Over the windows, opposite the entrance door, were the words

‘GRATITUDE TO OUR BENEFACTORS,’

in letters of evergreen, and beneath it was a prettily and gaily-painted banner, with ‘Speed the Plough’ inscribed upon it.

The school boys, when we entered, were all sitting at their desks, neatly clad, and with ‘shining morning faces;’ before each was a bouquet of flowers, plucked from their own flower garden, but as soon as their relatives entered the school room, their visages grew so bright that the flowers were quite cast into the shade. It was a cheerful and a happy sight.

In the course of a minute or two almost every one of the boys had a circle of friends round him, who were evidently making numerous and anxious inquiries—and replying to numberless questions in return. Here was an anxious mother with her fingers fidgitting about her little boy’s hair—now brushing it up, now parting it on one side, and then smoothing it down again. Then little boxes were opened, and young eyes peered into them, and saw the sweetmeats and fruit with glistening eyes and twitching fingers. Some of the relatives absolutely cried for joy, whilst the boys whimpered, and looked foolish; and to judge by all that was going on, one would have thought such another meeting had not taken place for a twelvemonth before.

But amongst the boys was one little fellow, who sat apart from the rest—no one to say, ‘How do you do?’ to him; no kind hand to grasp his; no motherly voice to

greet him with its affectionate tones. Every one else almost had a visitor but himself, and there he sat with his little earnest blue eyes brimful of tears, and his chest heaving as if his heart would burst, and he fidgetted with the flowers before him, until leaf after leaf fell from the stocks, which were bare and lonely like his own miserable self. Poor little fellow, how I pitied him! I declare that I never longed for molasses candy, or something of that kind before; and I made a mental resolution that in future I would never visit such places without a provision for a similar contingency.

But there was another mourner there, a young lady in deep mourning, whose eyes were red with weeping. Poor girl, she had had a brother at the school who recently died; and now, the sight of his little desk, and the seat where she used to look at him, with such hope for the future, and gratitude for the present; and of his young companions all full of glee and gladness, lifting up their voices whilst his was silent in the ground, affected her to weeping. Well, such is life —

‘Wherever is a meeting sweet,
There partings follow those who meet.’

Yes, too often, the kiss is but the prelude to a groan.

It being usual on these occasions for the boys to exhibit proofs of their progress, the business of the morning commenced, by two lads reciting the dialogue between Alexander and the Robber. Alexander had on a blue sash, and with his right hand flourished a marshal’s baton, made out of a sheet of writing paper and a bit of blue ribbon — the boy who enacted the hero being one of the marshals of the day. Then came a recitation of Walter

Scott's description of a battle scene, and afterwards another dialogue between a Sultan and Mr. John Howard. Beside this, a piece of poetry, written by the excellent matron, was spoken, and the following hymn, also the product of her kind pen, was sung (I should say) at the commencement of the proceedings :

Welcome, kind friends ! once more we meet
In Summer's joyful ray ;
Once more with hands and hearts we greet
Our loving friends to-day.

And while our hearts are gushing up
With filial love and joy,
Oh ! take from us the proffered cup
We give without alloy.

And thanks and blessings too we give,
And prayers both night and day,
That you on earth may happy live,
And happy be for aye.

We ask for this but one boon more,
The cup we gave to you ;
Oh ! give it back, and brimming o'er,
Filled with affection's dew.

And for our patrons, one and all,
We have affections kind ;
May He who notes the sparrow's fall,
Cheer them in heart and mind.

We 'll wet a garland for their brow,
With orphans' grateful tears ;
We 'll bless the hand that feeds us now
By being good for years.

There was to have been a speech from one of the boys, who was deputed to present to John D. Williams, Esq.,

a handsome bouquet of their own garden flowers—but unfortunately that gentleman was not present, and so the speech was written and sent with the floral offering to the gentleman. It was a humble but heartfelt testimonial of the gratitude of these poor boys, and therefore I have thought the unspoken speech worthy of notice here.

After the recitations, &c., had concluded, I paid visits to the different apartments, and was not a little pleased with the admirable arrangements every where observable. The sleeping rooms of the boys were admirably calculated to promote their health and comfort, and the cooking department had a letter of recommendation in every scholar's countenance. Sure am I, that with so kind a lady superintendent, the little fellows must be happy—and as for Mr. Morrison, one of the lads assured us, that 'the Master was as good as father to them.'

To the martial music of a drum the boys assembled on the green sward, and paraded for some time backward and forward, in true military style, as a friend whispered in our ear, 'why, they are the happiest lads in the world,' and really we believed him. There they were, reclaimed from the streets and lanes of the city, far away from evil influences, and safely folded on this beautiful spot, with education provided, and employment afforded. I wished, as I gazed, that such like institutions abounded on the other side of the Atlantic. The only jealousy between the 'Old Country' and this, should be as to who should be most forward in doing good by promoting the founding of such beneficial establishments. This would be better than blazing away at each other, at all events. And well did it become, in my opinion, some of Boston's wealthy sons, to be present, and by their countenance

give encouragement to these poor boys. Oh! the pleasant look and the kind word is never thrown away, and the poor and the destitute have a right to them. But I am not going to moralize, and will conclude this paper by relating one of the most beautiful anecdotes touching kindness to the unfortunate, that I ever heard related.

Mrs. Fry, who is so well known throughout Christendom in consequence of her efforts in behalf of poor prisoners and insane people, was once speaking to a company of maniacs, in her soft, low tones, when one of them, a young man, who had been quieted by her gentle demeanor, put his fingers on his lips and said to her, 'Hush! the angels have lent you their voices.' It was an exquisitely beautiful and poetic idea; a solitary fine tone from a shattered lyre; and it would be well for us often to remember that the ministering angels are ever hovering around our pathway, and that whenever we meet on the world's highway with a fainting wanderer, we have the privilege of borrowing their tones, and pouring them, like balm, upon the lacerated or bruised heart.

But the May Flower comes gliding to the wharf, and bidding farewell to the boys, who follow us with eager eyes, we embark for our short and sunny homeward trip.

A VISIT TO THE CHINESE MUSEUM.

WHAT a rapacious thing the Public is! What a greedy maw it has; and how soon after it has bolted one morsel or tidbit does it, like Oliver Twist, cry out for 'more.' Truly the eye is never tired of seeing or the ear of hearing: but insatiate as it is, the Boston Public has at last a *bon bouche*, which will not, I imagine, fail to satisfy it for some time to come.

I was taking a quiet stroll a day or two since down Washington street, and happened to look towards the Marlboro' Chapel, when I saw a sight which at first I could not understand. The entrance to what used to be the Chapel seemed to have been metamorphosed by some of the genii of the lamp, who existed in Aladdin's time, for in lieu of sombre-colored doors, and grave-looking gentlemen about them, was a magnificent lacquered and gilt cornice, and beneath it, what I was informed was called the 'Tsoi-moon,' or Lucky-door, a grotesque, yet gracefully-formed panelled frame, embellished with dragons of all descriptions, from very fierce and rampant specimens, to the most docile and amiable dragon-ettes conceivable. Over the door were strange-looking golden letters, which being translated meant that within was to be seen 'An extensive view of the Central Flowery Nation,' and having been assured by another inscription

that 'words might deceive, but that the eye could not play the rogue,' we accepted the polite invitation of the proprietors, and went into the interior of—the Chinese Museum—we had almost said China, and if we *had*, we should not have been very far out either.

Why, *can* that be, of a verity, the interior of the Marlboro' Chapel? we exclaimed, as we gazed in wonderment at the strangely-gorgeous scene which suddenly presented itself to our astonished optics. As we ascended the stair-case, on either side of us were an immense number of pictures, embracing subjects of all kinds, and all is 'new and strange too;' but that was as nothing to the *coup d'œil* as we stood in the large hall. It seemed for the moment as though we had sat upon the wonderful blanket, of which we had all of us read in the Arabian Nights, on which a person having placed himself, and wished to be transported to any particular place, was, by enchantment, conveyed to his desired destination in the twinkling of an eye. Yes, there could scarcely be a doubt of the matter, for just now we were in Washington street—there could not be a question as to that, and the mud on our stained boots was scarcely dried—yet, lo! how great the change—how miraculous the transition!

We are beneath a vast circular roof. From the ceiling hang innumerable Chinese lanthorns of all shapes and sizes. That one in the centre, of enormous magnitude, so graceful in its shape and so gorgeous in its hues, surrounded by hosts of smaller and inferior ones, is a lanthorn of state. There it hangs, the monarch of light, like Joseph's sheaf, surrounded by those of his brethren who do it homage. We have seen such an one before now depicted on the pretty fans which have been brought from

the Celestial Empire, and on choice specimens of china, but we were apt to consider them as perfectly imaginative. It is not so, however—there it hangs in all its scarlet and golden glories.

Verily, the sons of the extensive Flowery Nation are an imaginative race, for there are lanterns of shapes which would puzzle any one but a man with a corkscrew in his head to design. Yet they are very beautiful and brilliant. How gorgeous an effect must a Feast of Lanterns be in Canton or Peking, where millions of these butterfly lights are exhibited, if these specimens, which partly form the collection in the Chinese Museum, make so magnificent a show!

Over our heads, is an enormous dragon, who exhibits his sinuous length, and uplifts his gorgeous head, from the mouth of which issues a fearfully forked tongue. Brilliant are the monster's scales, and resplendent his tail, which he elevates, as if in the proud consciousness that he is a dragon of high degree. Why, mandarin-reptile as he is, he would look with bitter scorn and contempt on all barbarian dragons whatever. That ancient and respectable beast, the 'Dragon of Wantley,' of whom we have heard such famous stories, would be beneath his notice, and as for the dragon whom Saint George has made famous, he would be a mere common fighting creature, too utterly contemptible for a hiss of recognition from his Celestialship. Then, on either side of him, mark those marvellously-shaped fish, with gaping mouths, and staring eyes—green and scarlet fishes, with golden fins! But let us look around as well as above us—and lo! what do we see?

Why here we are actually surrounded by, not only the productions, but the inhabitants, of China. And (we *must* have sat on the blanket) we are actually in the presence of the Emperor TAOU KWANG (which meaneth, gentle reader, 'Reason's Glory,') and his Court. How gorgeous are the dresses of his Majesty, and of those Mandarins by whom he is surrounded! Encircling the necks of each are strings of coral beads; to the knobs of their caps are fastened those badges of rank, peacock's feathers; and their bodies are covered by richly embroidered garments—so richly that all our ideas of Chinese splendor and gaud had never pictured any thing so really magnificent. Nor is it all outside show, for an attendant of the exhibition has partially removed the outer garment, and beneath it are other vestments equally 'rich and rare.' But pass we on, and behold we are before the EMPRESS, seated in her dragon chair, and surrounded by ladies of different ranks. Look at that superbly embroidered satin screen upon the wall behind her. It is what is called a 'LONGEVITY SCREEN,' and such as are presented to persons who have attained a virtuous old age; but we must not anticipate the interesting catalogue, which, by the way, is a most interesting document in itself, and ought to be in the hands of every visitor.

Come we now to a CHINESE POLICE COURT, where a Mandarin of the fourth rank is the presiding justice. Before him, on his knees, is the unfortunate culprit, and officers on either side of him are giving him punishment in anticipation, by the exhibition of those interesting articles, the whip and the bamboo whip. One unfortunate has already been sentenced, and there he sits confined in a tub, from which only his head and hands project, like

the head and fins of a turtle from its shell, the great difference being that the *testado* was born with a hard casing to fit him, and the man's outer casing is an awful bad fit, as his miserable physiognomy testifies.

Next comes a religious group, and lo! we behold a comfortable and sleek-looking Priest of Budha, seated in a state of mental abstraction, awaiting his absorption into nonentity, which his creed teaches him is the summit of happiness—far indeed above heaven. If the priest is to become *nothing*, and the process be gradual, it will take a long time before he becomes invisible, for he is a portly-looking gentleman, and habited in lawn sleeves, and an Episcopal wig, might pass muster very well on the bench of Bishops. In the case which contains this priest are other figures of great interest, and also a Chinese tomb, which bears, in shape, an exact resemblance to the last letter of the Greek alphabet. Is it a coincidence or not that the end of all things, death, should be thus symbolized? The scholar may find this an interesting subject of inquiry.

If Mr. De Quincy were here he might feel interested in looking at yonder group. Lying in listless beatitude is a Chinese, smoking opium, whilst his wife, seated near the coach, with the tobacco pipe in her hand, is about taking a cup of tea. Then there is a female servant, and altogether it presents a most interesting domestic scene in China. One feels inclined to sit down and make oneself quite at home.

A music master! Yes, as we live, we have fallen upon a real living Chinese, who is surrounded by his strangely-shaped instruments. The figures we have hitherto been noticing were inanimate, although, it is true, so exqui-

sitely fabricated, that they only required *motion* to make them perfect fac-similes of those who walk the streets, and dwell in the houses of the Celestial Empire. Reader, did you ever see a real flesh and blood John Chinaman? Well, here is one, and a singular being he is. There are indeed three in the establishment, and as they walk about with shaven heads, long plaited pigtails, broad faces, with high cheek bones, and little slits for eyes, and in the strangest of possible pantaloons, and shoes, they give an air of reality to the scene around which nothing else could.

Listen to their music — one of them plays on a drum, another makes the most extraordinary noise on cymbals, and a third continually bangs a brass gong. Surely if that is a war tune, it must sound awfully in the ears of a foe. No imagination in the strain — no science, but the oddest and most *uncelestial* noise is it we ever heard. Now, the Professor, who rejoices in the mellifluous name of KAWHING, takes an instrument resembling a guitar, and sings to it. Mercy on us, did mortal ever hear such a noise? As a gentleman near us remarked, it was something like a cat-concert on the tiles, only the feline music was an improvement on the Professor's. Certainly, taking the expression of the Professor's face and the intonations of his voice into consideration, this Chinese love-song was the most ridiculously laughable affair we ever met with. Dempster and Russell! hide your diminished heads, for Professor *Kawhing* will assuredly be the vocal lion of the day — 'none but himself can be his parallel.' One individual of a very unmusical and ferocious countenance, had the extreme brutality to say in our presence, after he had heard the Celestial music, that he 'could n't blame the

English for shooting the Chinese.' That man had no music in his soul, and was fit for anything.

Talking of the English shooting the Chinese, we are just opposite (quite appropos) to a group of Chinese soldiers. One of them has a specimen of a gun in his hands, and it is well worthy of attention. The costume of the military is odd enough, and it is said that the pantaloons are made slack in order to allow of the exercise of agility. During the recent war a whole regiment of Chinese were drilled into *tumbling!* and they actually rushed down a hill with terrific shouts, and to a man, turning summersets! Their object was to astonish the English soldiers by their agility, and to frighten them by the horrible noises they made, so that they would fall down in terror, and then, in consequence of the tightness of their trowsers not be able to get up again, and so fall an easy prey. But John Bull was not to be *done* by a company of Chinamen turning topsy-turvy, and so, the troops very quietly shot the Chinese flying, and very few of them cut any more capers in the air. Ridiculous as the matter may seem, it is a fact. But it would be an idle task were I to attempt to glance only at the many wonders which are contained in this most interesting exhibition, which has not a parallel, I believe, in the world. Here, the whole history of 'China as it is,' may be read — its agriculture, marine, manufactures, architecture, studied, and an insight gained into its religion, manners, and customs, which cannot be obtained in any other way. I spent hours, and hope to spend many more there, for there is abundant food for thought which I have not even referred to. In short, the Chinese Museum is the Chinese nation in miniature. One may, as it were, walk along its streets — look into its

bazars — enter its temples — purchase of its trades-people — deal with its brokers — be doctored by its physicians — drink tea with its ladies — and play with its children. But the reader must go and see for himself, the many wonders brought home to our own doors from the most singular country on earth, and listen to the Celestial music, which if not exactly the ‘music of the spheres,’ is almost as strange, and quite as mysterious.

A SUNDAY AT OLD IPSWICH.

It is a pleasant thing occasionally to leave the great city—the brick and mortar Babylon—and go forth into some quiet village, where the everlasting hum of commerce is unheard, and the crowd of idolaters who incessantly bow down to the great idol, ‘Mammon,’ is unseen. Especially delightful is it, to me at least, on the last day of the week, to repair to some primitive village, and there

‘When the loud wagon is laid by,
And wearied beasts rest quietly,’

spend the sacred Sabbath hours. In the country there is a quiet calm, above, beneath, and all around, which soothes the often-vexed mind, and tranquilizes the spirits which may have been bound down by the strife and turmoil of the six weary working days, which have preceded it. I do not refer at all to places where holiday folks resort, peopling the privacy; but to quiet, almost out-of-the-way country hamlets or villages, of which few think, save those whose interests are bound up with them. Such a place is old Ipswich, and a friend having assured me that my antiquarian predilections would be gratified by a visit to it, I left Boston by the Eastern Railroad cars on

Saturday evening, and after an hour's ride arrived at the town station.

There are few places (by-places I mean, of course, towns or villages,) in America which in reality have any claims to antiquity. What is called an old house here, would be almost modern in England; but so far as I have yet observed, Ipswich certainly has the most of venerability about it in appearance. After a cheerful repast at the house of the pastor of the First Religious Society, a friend accompanied me in a stroll through the town, and a pleasant walk we had, in the bright moonlight, down the High, or as it is called more generally, 'Pudding' street, from the circumstance of a frolicsome set of young fellows having once upon a time taken some hard-boiled hog's pudding from an old woman's kettle, and played football with it down the street. There seems to be in Ipswich quite a rage for nicknames, for many of its inhabitants, I was informed, are better known by some *soubriquet* than by their own proper designations. This propensity to calling things by other names than the proper ones, also extends to the hills and valleys round about, as I shall have occasion to notice.

As we walked down the town, the quaint appearance of the houses struck me very forcibly — very different were they from those in most of the New England towns. They had pointed gables, and irregular slanting roofs; and in many of them the upper stories projected considerably over the basement apartments, in some such a way as the old houses are built at Chester, and in some of the old cities in England. They were usually decorated with red or brown paint, and had in consequence a sombre appearance, which contrasted strikingly with that of a few

jauntily-painted modern cottages in their neighborhood, which shone in all the glory of white fronts and green shades.

The Sabbath morning was bright and beautiful, as if a 'bridal between earth and sky' had been celebrated at early dawn, and all creation was yet rejoicing at the happy union. At half-past eight the bell of the Lunatic Asylum, a large red brick building, close to which is the jail, swung out, and gave sonorous intimation that service was about to be held there. I repaired to the chapel, and seated myself amongst the melancholy congregation. Melancholy indeed, for besides the casual visitors, and the lunatics, it consisted of men of crime — prisoners from the adjoining jail. The service commenced by a hymn being given out. It was distinctly sung by the choir, and the doleful tone I thought more calculated to depress the mind than to enliven or distract it. Then followed a prayer and a sermon, during which the mad people indulged in all sorts of antics, which it was at once amusing and distressing to witness. One poor creature, just before me, sat all the time in an attitude of the deepest dejection, his head bowed down, and his hands clasped together. I never witnessed such an incarnation of misery. Near me a man indulged in the most grotesque contortions of face; a third, a little way off, amused himself and those around him, who seemed to look with compassion on their brother madmen, by playing unheard tunes on an imaginary instrument. Many of them yawned prodigiously, and frequently an exclamation as if of impatience, or an oath would burst from the lips of some present. As soon as service had concluded, they leaped from their seats in a moment, as if the confinement had been very irksome to them, and quickly left the chapel.

There are several churches in Ipswich. The principal one is that of the First Religious Society, under the pastoral care of the Rev. D. P. Kimball. Previously to the commencement of the service, I ascended to the tower of this old building, and from the bell-gallery had a fine view of the country round. Far away was the ocean, gleaming in the sunshine, and towards it, crept like a silver serpent the pretty and picturesque Ipswich river, crossed by its ancient bridge. A little way off was Heart-break hill, a place to which some story of true love, whose course, it would seem, did not 'run smooth,' gives its name. Nearer was Love Lane, and the Lover's Fountain. Away in the distance were seen hamlets and towns, dotting the green landscape; indeed on every hand were scenes of verdurous beauty. But the bell gives note of preparation; and lo! from a hundred homes come forth young and old, grave and gay; and in the peaceful summer calm they approach, singly and in groups, towards the sanctuary.

Let us enter. It is an old place this, with its square pews, in which are straight high-backed chairs, so characteristic of a former generation. The galleries are deep and elevated from the floor, more than is usual in modern erections. And what a monstrous pulpit! Big enough for a minister of 'forty-parson-power.' Look at the twisted railings of the banisters; the quaint panels; and above all, do not, indeed you cannot, fail to observe the mighty sounding-board, which is as big as the canopy of an ancient bedstead, and quite as elaborately carved. Over the preacher's head, on this sounding-board, is a star which is splendidly gilt; this star had a companion at one time, to keep it in countenance, in front of the

pulpit; but a strict deacon, fancying, perhaps, that the only star of the pulpit should be the preacher, had, some years ago, the gold scraped off! The interior of this pulpit is so capacious that a whole Presbytery could find 'room enough and to spare' in it; indeed, I think a parsonage house to its occupant would be quite a work of supererogation.

The Rev. Mr. Kimball, who has labored in Ipswich for many years, officiated. On the conclusion of the service I walked forth on the green, and whilst sitting on a piece of rock, which Whitefield once occupied as a pulpit, looking, as an old man of the village said, 'like a flying angel,' I read from a pamphlet entitled, 'The Simple Cobbler of Agawam,* in America,' some curious particulars respecting the old church and its founders. A note to this 'Simple Cobbler,' which was written by the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, the first pastor of the church, consists of the following extract from Johnson's 'Wonder-working Providence of the Lord, printed in London in 1638, respecting the 9th church of Christ, gathered at Ipswich.'

'This year (1635) came over a further supply of eminent instruments for furthering the admirable worke of his, amongst whom the Reverend and Judicious servant of Christ, Mr. Nathaniel Ward, who took up his station at the Towne of Ipswich, situated on a faire and delightful river, "in the Sagawanship or Earldom of Aggawam." The peopling of this town is by men of good ranke and quality, many of them having the yearly revenue of large lands in England before they came to this wilderness, but their estates being employed for Christ, and left in Banke

* Agawam is the Indian name of Ipswich.

as you have formerly herde, they are well content till Christ shall be pleased to restore it again to them or theirs.

‘ Their meeting-house is a very good prospect to a great part of the towne, and beautifully built. The Church of Christ here consists of about one hundred and sixty souls, being exact in their conversation, and free from the epidemicall diseases of all Reforming Churches, which under Christ is procured by their learned, pious, and orthodox ministry, as in due place (God willing) shall be declared. In the mean time look on the following meeters concerning that soldier of Christ, Nathaniel Ward :

‘ Thou ancient sage — Come Ward among
 Christ’s folke — take part in this great work of his.
 Why dost thou stand and gaze about so long ?
 Dost war in jest, when Christ in earnest is ?
 And hast thou armed with weapons for that end ;
 Thou hast prevailed, the hearts of many hitting,
 Although the Presbyter’s unpleasant jar
 And errors daily in their braines do come,
 Despayer not — Christ’s truth they shall not hear,
 But with his help such dross from God refine.
 What man ! dost mean to lay thy trumpet downe ?
 Because thy son like warrior is become —
 Hold out, or sure less bright will be thy crowne,
 ’Till Death — Christ’s servant’s labor is not done.’

This Nathaniel Ward was a quaint old writer, as his ‘ Simple Cobbler,’ which is full of shrewd humor and biting sarcasm, testifies. He occasionally versified, too. Take the following as a specimen :

‘ So farewell, England old,
 If evil times ensue ;
 Let good men come to us,
 Wee’l welcome them to new.

And farewell, honored Friends,
If happy days ensue,
You 'll have some guests from hence,
Pray welcome us to you.

And farewell, simple worlde,
If thou 'lt thy conscience need,
There is my last and awl,
And a Shoem — Aker's END?

On the old church green once stood the town gallows, the stocks and the whipping post. The hole in which the latter was placed, is still to be seen. Witchcraft, it seems, once flourished in Ipswich, and here were the unhappy individuals who were convicted of it, punished. This ancient church is about to be pulled down, and a new one is to be erected on its site—not before it is wanted, for the present church is in a most dilapidated condition.

There is in Ipswich a noted female seminary, but I did not see anything of the fair scholars. Report speaks highly of it as an educational establishment, and I doubt not, with truth. The outside of the building is by no means attractive, whatever the excellences of the interior of the establishment may be.

Most old places have their old stories, and Ipswich is by no means an exception to the general rule. Whenever I visit such localities, I generally manage to pick out some old inhabitant, (I have never yet, though I sought diligently, discovered the *very* oldest) from whom I learn the legends of the place. In some such way I heard from a garrulous old crone the following rude ballad rhymes, which are founded on the circumstance of an indentation, somewhat resembling a foot or hoof-print,

being visible on one of the rocks close by the church, and which is said to have been caused by the devil, who alighted there after he had accomplished that favorite feat of his — jumping over a church. Here is the ballad, which the reader is at perfect liberty to believe or not, as he chooses. It has at least something of the *smack* of Southey's diabolic rhymes about it, and may be quite as true, for aught I know.

THE DEVIL'S LEAP.

Ding dong goeth Ipswitch bell,
As if it were ringing a funeral knell;
From morning's dawn until evening gray
Ipswitch bell has been ringing away!

The ministers and the elders stand
Each with a bible and prayer book in hand;
And the sexton pulls with all his might,
For the church is lit up with a brimstone light.

The doors are barred, and the windows too,
And the lamps in the pulpit are burning blue;
And a smell as of sulphur is strong around,
And the building shakes from the roof to the ground.

They know that the Father of Evil strives
To enter the church. So they pray for their lives,
They list to the flap of Apollyon's wing,
And the more he threatens, the louder they sing.

The fiends are clustering on roof and spire,
They peep through the panes at the frightened choir;
They race and gibber, and still the more
They try to break in at the great front door.

All through the night until morning light,
The parson kept praying with all his might,
Till at last the Evil One made a jump
Over the church, and came down with a thump

Of his foot on a rock, and still on the green
On the stone may the print of his foot be seen;
And still on each Sunday the parson prays
To be kept from the Devil and all his ways.

And still Apollyon goes prowling about,
Whilst the elders work hard to keep him out;
And the sexton labors to scare him, as well,
By the ringing and swinging of Ipswich bell!

A SABBATH IN BOSTON.

'Sabbath in Boston — the Sabbath has come,
The Exchange is hushed and the warehouses dumb;
The marts are silent, the wharves are still,
And the river glides at "its own sweet will."
The church-bell swings in the morning air,
Inviting to places of praise and prayer,
And father, and mother, and children fair,
To worship the Maker of all, repair;
All are keeping the Sabbath day.'

WELL and sweetly has one poet said of the sacred Sabbath time,

'Sweet day, so calm, so fair, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.'

And solemnly has another, through a lengthened poem, discoursed of the 'day of rest.' Hundreds of writers have exercised their piety and their powers on Sabbatic themes, elevating our spirits by the hallowed associations they have evoked, or warming our worldly hearts by so the fires of their heaven-born genius; but we never felt, positively *felt*, the Sabbath-day influence, as during the first Sunday which we spent in the metropolis of New England. No, not even in the quiet country places where all is usually so still, that the music of the 'church-

going bell' is the only audible token that the time has arrived

'When the Sabbath summer chime
Floats over wood and fell.'

My thoughts have been directed to this subject by a vision which has just passed the window of the hotel where I am for a few days residing. A pretty substantial vision, too, the reader may exclaim, when I inform him that it consisted of a single individual, of burly proportions, habited in the peculiar cassock and clerical hat which distinguish the ecclesiastics of the Romish Church; just such a personage, in fact, as one meets with at every turn in the streets of Roman Catholic cities. Indeed, the city in which I now am, may be described as one, with nearly as much propriety as Paris, Brussels, or Cologne. The huge cathedral, whose roof looms up and casts its broad shadow on the surrounding houses, with its lofty double towers, and its marble statue of Saint Peter in a niche of the front, stands as if it were the grim and gloomy monarch of churches, regarding the surrounding and humbler-looking edifices, with simple steeples, and unadorned towers, to do it homage. I am writing this Bostonian reminiscence in Montreal, the bustle and activity on whose wharf, (some large steamers have just arrived,) strikingly contrast with the quiet of similar places in the city I have so recently left.

Accustomed, as I have been for the last seven or eight months, to the chaste and simply-beautiful interiors of the New England churches, I was forcibly struck by the splendor of this French Catholic Cathedral, and the pomp of its ceremonial observances. It is by far the largest

place of public worship on the American continent, and in England I know of no such a spacious *looking* interior; for in the abbey of Westminster, and the cathedral of Saint Paul's, the architectural divisions of the buildings into transepts, naves, &c., and the effects of the numerous pillars and arches, take, in a great degree, from the real magnitude. Here, however, is only one vast space, surrounded by a double tier of large and very deep galleries, and crowded at every inch of sitting and standing room as it was when I saw it; and with its large painted window, beneath which were three or four gorgeously-decked priests, with scores of surpliced assistants, and many little white-clad boys, swinging to and fro silver censers, and ringing musically-toned bells at intervals. The effect was very strange and striking.

From a pulpit, so far remote from the position I occupied that I could not see distinctly the features of its occupant, and my eyes are none of the worst, a priest addressed the vast audience in French; but the attention of the congregation seemed to be divided between him and pictures of saints, martyrs, and Madonnas, which hung around on the walls, and before which candles in gorgeous silver sconces shed a flickering light. It might have been very irreverent, but as I noticed the almost general illumination of the high altar and of these pictures, I could not help thinking of the Irishman who gave to a priest, as a reason for his leaving the Romish Church and embracing Protestantism, the reason that 'he could not afford to be a Papist any longer.'

'Not afford it,' said the priest: 'why, barrin' a thrifle for confession, an' maybe now and then a tinpinny for a pather-an-ave, you've nothin' to pay, Dennis. What do ye mane then by its bein' an expensive religion?'

‘Och!’ said Dennis, ‘if it’s not, as ye say, expensive, it’s wasteful, and that’s as bad—seein’ ye *burn so many candles by daylight!*’

But to my subject. A Sabbath in Boston. How quiet, how simple, how almost primitive is it in its observances! Let us, for the sake of illustration, suppose that ‘another six days’ work is done,’ and that the ‘very houses seem asleep,’ as we survey the neighboring city from the window of our quiet little sanctum in Roxbury. The sound of a church bell occasionally reaches us. There come on the ear no commercial sounds—no jarring tones, to disturb the heaven-descended calm—the myriad insects ‘around us ever yet unseen,’ seem to have a shriller chirp, as if they too were vocal with praise to him who made them. Quietly, more quietly than usual, it would seem, the necessary household duties are performed; the morning hymn is sung, and the family bible read, and the wonted service is performed, and then preparations are made for the public observance of the ‘day of all other days the best.’

It is some distance to the city church where the family usually resort, and so having done all things in decency and in order, let us step into the only omnibus which runs between our village and the city to-day, for the convenience of those whom delicacy of constitution or the feebleness of old age, prevents from walking; those in whom the ‘spirit is willing,’ but ‘the flesh weak.’ We cannot, we fear, assert that in either case we come up to such a description—at least we doubt whether, in the former part of the quotation, our spiritual longing is set forth, but none of us are all that we ought to be. At all events, we take advantage of the omnibus, and after with

some difficulty adjusting ourself, we jog quietly on towards Boston.

I hinted that I settled into my seat with some difficulty. Not that the vehicle was crowded over-much. By no means. Though few *persons* occupied it, it was quite full—but it was as the fullness of a vessel containing whipt syllabub, or Italian cream, to that of another filled with half solid soap, or ‘heavy wet.’ I was in a cloudy, gauzy crowd, for on either side of me were two young ladies, whose fragile forms were almost lost in an infinity of grass cloth and flowing muslin. One of them, who was remarkably pretty, and whom I irreverently likened unto

‘The sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary,’

when she stood up, resembled a note of admiration in a parenthesis of cloud, so lightly floated the gauzy materials around her fair form. The other lady seemed as though she had been cast in a large mould, and whilst yet soft, dipped in starch, and dried. As I sat between these two ladies, I carefully drew the tails of my coat beneath my arms, the elbows of which looked as if they were pinioned, and violently keeping my knees together, reduced myself to the smallest possible dimensions. But alas! how difficult it is to please. In spite of my efforts to avoid crumpling the snowy lawn on either hand, an occasional pitch of the omnibus would jerk me first on one side and then on the other, and whichever way I inclined, a pair of reproachful-looking eyes would peer at me from beneath a pretty Parisian bonnet, and warn me off as if I had been a rattlesnake instead of a decently-disposed individual, who felt an unbounded love for un-bustled human

nature. Opposite me was another lady, so tiny-waisted that I trembled every time the omnibus pulled up sharply, lest she should snap off in the middle. Poor thing! as I looked at her pale face, and her pinched stomach, I ceased to wonder at the far-away devotees who inflict self-torture, and knew that FASHION was a no less inexorable and cruel deity than JUGGERNAUT.

On we went, but all at once there was a sudden jerk, and a middle-aged lady mounted the steps — ‘No room, ma’am,’ said an easy-looking gentleman, with a very white cravat and a red fold of flesh instead of a collar turning over it. ‘Not a bit,’ said one of my lady neighbors, with an apprehensive glance at her petticoats. ‘We’re as full as we can be,’ chimed in the other, and she bestowed a glance of mingled ferocity and disdain upon my coat, one skirt of which had dared to infringe on a fold of her dress. ‘Yes, ma’am,’ said I, in revenge, ‘there’s room for one more,’ and I got up, and the middle-aged lady, who was twice as big as I was, took my place, to the infinite chagrin of — the reader knows whom. The middle-aged lady, however, scarcely deserved the compliment paid her, for she took my seat quite as a matter of course, and not of courtesy — not even acknowledging the latter by a nod or a smile of that sort which good-breeding teaches. Down she dropped on the cushion, and out went I, and there was an end to the matter. Now I hope I am as polite as other people, and I greatly admire the deference which gentlemen pay to ladies in this country; but really I think when the courtesy of gentlemen is, as it too often is, received without the most trifling acknowledgment, that the custom stands in some danger of wearing threadbare. Besides, the gentlemen

do n't like, at least I do not, being defrauded of a pleasant smile, or a cheerful look — its a clear case of obtaining a good seat and not paying the price, and I therefore beg that all ladies will be more honest in future, and give the quid pro quo, if they would have the men be patterns of politeness.

Well, I joined the crowds, who were walking in orderly ranks through the streets towards the various places of worship, whilst the bells rang from many a church tower. I was much struck, on the occasion of my first Sunday in Boston, by the tolling of these bells, the Sabbath sounds were so entirely different from those to which I had always been accustomed. I could not but think that at every church a funeral was about to take place, for the sonorous and measured sounds were just such as are usually sent forth in England, on sepulchral occasions. It quite cast a gloom over me ; indeed, the most vigorous and musical chiming of bells always has on me a saddening influence — but this tolling to church seemed *very* dismal to one who had always before heard people chimed to the temple not made with hands. In many English cities and towns, the bells are so arranged that they play psalm tunes, and even at certain hours in every twenty-four, the Old Hundredth or some other measure floats over the peopled city. Hundreds of times have I lain awake in the calm, still midnight, and listened to the bells of the neighboring church, as they sent forth sounds which had become sacred by association. Even now, far distant from them, I hear them in dreams, and sometimes, in the busy day, they fall upon my ear, and I am, though pacing the crowded streets of an American city, once more in the old house at home.

Of the service and the sermon, time and space will not allow me to speak. Suffice it to say that both were excellent. Nor may I tell of how the remainder of the day of rest was spent. But when it had closed, and I returned to my chamber, I could not but feel that this Sabbath in Boston had been one of the most delightful I had ever known.

A STREET GOSSIP.

WE cannot always be 'babbling of green fields,' or wandering by running brooks, on whose banks grow the 'pied wild flowers.' Nor is it always convenient to pay visits to certain institutions, in this hot, dog-day weather, when rank odors rise from the steaming ground, and not being able to ascend in the dense atmosphere, remain under one's nose, a 'rank abomination.' At such times one knows not exactly what to do or where to go. Let us saunter forth into the streets and hunt up what objects may chance to cross our path.

It is early morning, not so early that the 'very houses seem asleep,' as Wordsworth says of that great heart of England, London, but just the time when a solitary shutter or two, (eyes of trade-houses,) begin to open, and give evidence of commercial life. The omnibi have not yet began their daily rattle, and the only vehicles which 'disturb the echoes' are quaint-looking milk carts, and perhaps a carryall with its cargo of early risers, who are bound for the suburban towns. Affectionate couples sally forth linked arm in arm to enjoy the fresh air of the morning and — their own conversation, whilst they are watched by the longing eyes of the bound 'prentices, who are compelled all unwillingly to put the windows in order which are now in a state of *deshabille*. Slowly move

along the canvass-covered ice-carts, with their refreshing *looking* loads, and visions of creams to be, float before the stomach's eye. Now come in the market vehicles, bearing stores of luscious fruit, delicious alike to the eye and palate—the downy peach, the glossy apple, or the soft melting pear. Tomatoes in all their colored glories lie side by side with the delicate green ears of corn, which look like vegetable babies lapt in coverlets of moonlight-green leaves. Beans, white as pearls, glitter in the sunshine, and great indolent-looking squashes keep company with fragrant melons. Bah! whilst we have been feasting our eyes, a water cart has drenched our pants, so we will step into the market until they have recovered their wonted glossiness.

There is something delightfully bustling and busy about a market when the stalls are all filled, and the rudy faces of the venders are wreathed with smiles, as 'customers come in.' Many a time and oft have we, in the 'old country,' risen before the lark for the purpose of strolling in Covent Garden Market whilst the bloom was on the peach and the lustre on the flower. And a beautiful and a cheerful thing it was to gaze on that one spot of 'sunny greenery,' as Leigh Hunt hath it, in the very heart of the mighty metropolis. It was in reality an oasis in the great desert of London, for to a lover of the country the capital *is* the most desolate place imaginable. But we are now in New and not in *Old* England, and must confine our attention to the good things in view, instead of dwelling on those retrospective glories of beef and mutton which once gladdened our optics.

Talking of beef, we are, whilst pausing before this specimen of Yankee grazing, forced to admit, much

‘against the grain,’ for there is a lurking liking in our gastronomic organ for the ‘roast beef of Old England,’ a sort of national pride in bovine matters, *pardonable* we sincerely hope — we say we are forced to allow that it would be difficult to find its superior in any stall in the ‘fast anchored isle,’ even had Prince Albert, who has recently taken to farming, ‘bred and fed’ it on his own royal demesne. As dear, delightful Oliver Goldsmith says in his ‘Retaliation,’ so say we of the splendid piece of that meat which maketh fat the body of man —

‘Those ribs were a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white and the lean was so ruddy.’

How miserable it used to be to watch, in the markets of London at Christmas time, the looks of the hungry poor at the prodigal supplies of meat — lean, wretched-looking creatures who might be supposed to parody Hood’s song of the shirt in some such way as this :

Meat — meat — meat !
Surpassingly fat and fine —
And meat, meat, meat,
Sirloin and baron and chine !
Buttock and rib and steak —
Its oh ! I’d as soon be a Turk
As live without meat in a Christian land,
And yet never a day of work.

Beef — beef — beef !
’Til the tears stand in my eyes,
Beef and mutton and veal,
Which has gained some silver prize ;
Sirloin, saddle and leg,
Or steak with its savory steam ;
Over the sight I become entranced
And have a meal in a dream.

But why do I talk of beef
 Who have n't so much as a bone ?
 I only should think of 'skin and grief,'
 For both are, alas ! my own,
 For both are, alas ! my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep ;
 Oh ! God ! that meat should be so dear,
 And labor so plenty and cheap.

Beef — beef — beef !
 In the long December night,
 Beef — beef — beef,
 Wherever the eye may light ;
 And over the tempting fat
 Pieces of holly-bush lie,
 As if to show off the animal's back
 To me who cannot buy.

Happy indeed is it for this highly favored city of Boston that such scenes are not to be witnessed here in the Quincy Market, and God grant they never may be.

But evening is the most interesting time for him who is fond of observing life as it is, to visit a market. Then he may see the poor providing for the wants of their families — cheapening here, looking wistfully there, and prying into every corner for bargains — but we have been already too long in one place. Let us ramble into State street, where merchants 'most do congregate.'

Ah ! a crowd round a man who, with a semi-sanctified face, eyes *violently* shut, and warily opened, is holding forth, in doggerel rhyme, on the merits of his razor strops. Some of his verdant listeners imagine, in the innocence of their hearts, that he is composing his verse as he repeats it, and that the blinkings and winkings are occasioned by the mental agonies of his poetical parturition. No such thing. The individual with the amazingly

uncommon cognomen of 'Smith,' has a 'few more left' of rhymes as well as strops; and he manages to dispose of a considerable quantity of both. He is quite a popular personage too, and has arrived at the honor of being dramatized at the Washington Theatre—his profile adorns the city walls, and like all other great men he has got into the newspapers. A crowd round *one* man is a rather novel sight here; in London streets you cannot, or could not before the new police were so vigilant, move ten yards without coming on some obstruction caused by itinerant ballad-singers, or dreadful murder manufacturers. This reminds me of one of my last walks up Holborn, and of a verse I heard chanted by a street vocalist, which has remained fixed in the tablet of memory, whilst other matters of more importance have been rubbed out long ago. The singer, or rather reciter, was a great hulking fellow with a stentorian voice. He was reading a ballad, which recounted the daring and valiant deeds of Richard Turpin, Esq., a gentleman who flourished on Hounslow Heath and afterwards died at Tyburn—a victim to his chivalric feats on the road. As I passed him, the following incident was related—it referred, I suppose, to the stopping of a coach by a highwayman, and the consequences thereof. How graphic is the description, and how delicately is the catastrophe alluded to:

‘The coachman, *he* not liking the job,
Set off at a full gal-lop;
But Dick got a couple of balls in his nob,
And *purwailed* on him to stop.’

I wish now I had bought the whole song; but alas! the golden opportunity is gone, with many more, forever.

Twelve o'clock, and all round the old State House, which with its ancient and quaint gallery, and ornamented roof, stands a monument of olden time, are groups of men of all conditions in seemingly earnest conversation. As we elbow our way through them, 'Dollars, dollars, dollars,' greet our ears. 'Stocks,' and 'Funds' are mysteriously whispered. There are grave nods and significant shakes of the head, and infinitely impressive pointings of fingers into the palms of hands; and breeches pockets seem all alive with the fidgetty fingers, which are doing immense business within them. In and out of banks and brokers' offices, go busy men, to hive and to abstract the golden honey—but what for a moment abstracts their attention? Listen! Music is pealing, and in all their martial glory comes on a military company, with banners flying, swords gleaming, and bayonets bristling—on they come, a band of fine-looking, fearless men; whilst from window and balcony fair eyes look down upon those who, for the day, have

'Left their homes to follow the drum.'

Here we are in Washington street, but let us turn to the left, and stroll up Cornhill, for the sake of the old book shops there. Talk of splendid bookstores, where the modern-bound novelettes, in all the impertinency of cloth and gilt, unblushingly stand, although they contain nothing in comparison to what may be found in plainer attire—they are as nothing in our estimation to an old book stall, where you may stand on the pavement by the hour, and perchance ferret out from amongst the piles of dusty tomes some black letter treatise, some ancient friend, 'iron clasped and timber bound.' By rare good

luck we may stumble on a 'unique copy,' which some poor soul had parted with as if it had been old gold—or an autograph, which the cunning 'old book-seller' (ay, and these sellers of old books have prying eyes) had overlooked, or perchance knew nothing about—or an original edition may be purchased 'for a song.' Ay, it is a real pleasure to stroll into the old book shops.

'All the world and his wife,' are now promenading in Washington street, and so we will sun ourselves on the fashionable side as well as the best of them. What a host of gaily-dressed ladies! It is of no manner of use to try to look at anything else whilst *they* are about, so we will turn off into the pretty town-and-country-in-one-street, called after the pleasant season which is now so nearly gone. Houses and trees! how strange the combination looked at first to us; and what would a cockney say to a green leaf in the city? Summer street is a favorite thoroughfare of mine, but we must not linger here, and so returning on its shady side, and after gazing for a few minutes on that substantial gothic structure, Trinity Church, we will re-cross the chief thoroughfare of the city, and passing from Summer to Winter street, reach the Common, about which we have before now walked, and rest ourselves beneath the shade of those noble trees, on one of the considerately placed granite seats.

In all our walks we have not met one beggar, or one disorderly person, or heard one improper word uttered. A moral place is this Boston, and strangely is it so when compared with other cities. Were we about to found a new town, (so far as correctness of conduct is concerned) we would take the City of Notions as a model, for we

verily believe that in point of intelligence and propriety it has nowhere its equal. This is not said as an idle compliment, but uttered as the consequence of a rooted conviction, the fruit of pretty close observation. Hallo! what is this?—a bloated, sottish-looking man drops heavily on the seat beside us. His words are unintelligible, and his actions indecent. Ladies avoid him, and gentlemen court not his company. He has been taking in a supply of the fluids set down in the ‘famous list’ Willis had ‘some thoughts’ about introducing into London. He is, in short, *drunk!* Alas! alas! my ‘laudation’ of Boston must be pronounced with a qualification.

On a future occasion we shall resume our stroll.

MUSINGS BY THE MERRIMACK.

BEFORE we examine the Mills let us take a ramble on the banks of the picturesque river, whose waters are such a source of wealth to the 'City of Spindles.' This stream is too often neglected by tourists who visit Lowell, the factories absorbing all their attention; but I can tell them that there are few objects more interesting in appearance and association.

I had been dining with a gentleman who is extensively connected with the factories, one day last week, at his beautiful residence near the town, and was contemplating from his veranda, or rather piazza, the river which ran far below, when I expressed a regret that strangers like myself were compelled during their stay to be cooped up in the hot, dry city. 'Ah!' said he, 'you must go to the Stone House.' Now I know no more of the 'Stone House' than I have known or hope to know of that ugly edifice with which writers of the '*Jack Sheppard*' school have familiarized us, yclept the 'Stone Jug,' but on inquiry I learned that it was an hotel, situated on the banks of the river, within half a mile of the town, and thither I determined to take up my quarters.

Now I am not going to write a puff or a paragraph laudatory of this 'Stone House,' for the mere sake of

doing so ; but I mention the place because I know many will be glad, as I was, to find that a delightful place of summer residence exists in a locality quite near to Boston. I know of no place so pleasant to reside in for a few days or weeks — and for my own part I should infinitely prefer it to any of the sea-bathing places to which people fly from the City of Notions.

I am writing this in my spacious chamber, from the window of which I look down on Pawtucket Falls, which are brawling along just below me. Opposite is the pretty and picturesque little village of Dracut, with its church steeple peeping up from amidst silver-leaved poplars and quivering elms. The bridge which communicates with the Concord Mammoth road is in sight, and far below towards the city, the river, released from its channel of rifted rocks, spreads out into a kind of lake, which is fringed from the water's edge upwards with living green. A bend of the stream conceals the factories, so that they may as well be a thousand miles off. Opposite me, the precipitous banks are wooded with graceful trees, and indented with little bays fitted for fairy fleets to anchor in. Far away in the blue distance are hills faintly shadowed out, and over all this charming landscape hangs a sky of cloudless blue. Such is the prospect I enjoy without quitting my chair.

The Pawtucket Falls long have enjoyed and still enjoy, the reputation of being a fine fishing ground. This very morning a huge salmon was drawn from the stream where it runs by our garden, and at dinner we had an opportunity of dissecting him. Here, therefore, the Indians for a long time lingered, unwilling to resign the advan-

tages afforded by the fishing; but they gradually retired before the tread of the white man, and now the race has disappeared from these pathways forever. It is no uncommon thing to find Indian relics in the neighborhood. Since I have been here, arrow heads have been discovered, and other relics may doubtless be found.

Before the hour of public worship on the last Sabbath morning, a friend, well acquainted with the history of the place, accompanied me in a short stroll about the neighborhood. Having arrived at the bridge, just below the Pawtucket Falls, I paused to survey the beautiful scene. The dam just above us looked more picturesque than such contrivances generally do, in consequence of the jagged and numerous rocks which rose from the bed of the river, and between which the waters went boiling and hissing on their course, flinging their spray to the sunbeams. Above the dam the waters spread out a broad smooth surface, strikingly contrasting with the turbulence below. Some graceful boats on the surface of the lake added not a little to the beauty of the scene, which must have been still more beautiful before Art had checked the progress of the waters, and when the Indians alone in their light canoes glanced across the bosom of the stream.

My companion, who it seems had enjoyed peculiar opportunities of learning the early history of the place, informed me that in olden time strawberries were so abundant, that when the ground about Lowell was parcelled out into lots, laws were made that no one should pick 'strawbres' (as the fruit was then spelled) on his neighbor's lot; not that the 'strawbres' were of any value, but the grass, which was not so abundant, was. It was also

enacted that 'if one person should see another picking "strawbres" he should incur the penalty of a fine for the omission to inform against him; and once a lawsuit was actually tried to decide whether such information was compulsory or not. The same gentleman also showed me some original Indian deeds of sale of land — the signatures of the children of the forest being hieroglyphical. There were the rude drawings of their designators, such as the bounding elk, the great snake, the fox, and others, and I looked on these primitive deeds with no little interest.

Indian stories, always so attractive, are still told in these parts by old people. It was here at the head of the falls, that Captain John Ford, celebrated in the annals of Indian warfare, resided for many years, and his house, somewhat modernized to be sure, yet remains. He was a personage of considerable importance in his day — I believe he was governor of the region round about — and manifested sagacity little inferior to that of the Indians themselves in his battles with them. An Indian trail to him was a thing not to be neglected, and from the fact of his having so often escaped the bullet and the arrow, the red skins superstitiously believed him invulnerable, and attempted to despatch their great enemy by other means.

One day as Ford was walking in the woods, near his house, he chanced to part with his companion. Two Indians, observing him alone and unarmed, surrounded him. One of them was a naked savage, of monstrous proportions, and greased all over — the other Indian went in pursuit of Ford's companion. Ford could not get a hold on his slippery antagonist, and for some time the struggle was fearfully unequal. Over and over they

rolled, the savage making every effort to get at his knife, and Ford warily preventing him. At length, whilst they were struggling, the handle of the weapon projected a little from its sheath. Ford seized it in an instant, and buried the blade in the Indian's heart, who turned over and died immediately. The conqueror then went to the assistance of his friend, whom he found nearly exhausted; but his opportune arrival turned the balance in his favor, and having slaughtered their two enemies, they returned victorious to their home.

Having crossed the bridge, we turned off to the right hand, and after a delightful walk through the woods we came again to the banks of the river, whose bed was still filled up with masses of rifted rock. Here I was not a little interested in surveying the ruins of Captain Ford's old mill. Not much of it remained, to be sure, but there was enough to indicate what rude machinery was employed in former times. To get to the ruins we were compelled to cross an old rickety bridge, or rather the remains of it, for only a plank or two of the original pathway to the mill remains. Here Ford experienced many escapes whilst engaged in his occupation of sawing wood for himself and his brother colonists.

One day as he was employed in this vocation he noticed a solitary Indian prowling about the hills in his immediate neighborhood. He was wrapped up in his blanket, and appeared to be unarmed, and Ford, abating a little of his usual caution, supposing that he was one of those who often came down to the falls to procure fish, went on with his work without particularly noticing him. For three or four succeeding days the Indian paid visits to the place,

each time venturing nearer and nearer to the mill. One morning he came near the door, and made peaceful signs to Ford, who went to the bridge of the mill, and stood awhile returning the signals. After some time a breeze partially blew aside the blanket of the Indian, and Ford saw in an instant that the savage grasped a knife the blade of which was pressed against the inner side of his arm. Cunning was now to be met with cunning. Nearer and nearer approached the Indian, still smiling, towards Ford, when the latter stepped for a moment backward, and suddenly seized an iron bar, with which he used to shift the logs, and which most fortunately was outside the door. The Indian, on observing this, sprang towards the centre of the bridge, which he had scarcely reached, when Ford met him. In an instant the knife of the savage was raised, and in the act of striking, when Ford's iron bar was dexterously swung. The Indian, with a shriek, was precipitated into the boiling surge below, and his corpse dashed every instant against jagged rocks, and was finally swept far out of sight by the swift waters of Pawtucket Falls.

The woods around this neighborhood are delightful retreats during these hot July days; and when one wears of lying, like melancholy Jacques, in the forest shade, the visitor to this place has other sources of amusement. The other evening, piloted by 'mine host,' the Major of the 'Stone House,' I made one of a fishing party. Launching our little boat above the falls, we skimmed over the broad surface of the river, which here is really lake-like, and then resting our arms we dropped our lines into the crystal depths, much to the confusion of sundry

perch whom we claimed as our spoils. Sport was abundant, for we never pulled at a line without discerning far down in the water something like a lively and large globule of quicksilver at its end. Then when our basket was well stocked with scaly provender, we moored our shallop, and having lighted a fire in the woods, we broiled our piscatorial trophies, and around a table formed from an old stump, in plateless beatitude, we acted the axiom that 'fingers were made before forks.' No anchovy, no catsup, no butter, no sauce but hunger; and so the perch had the true fishy flavor, which epicures unwittingly destroy. Nor was this the whole of our luxury, for as we lay on the grass 'up rose the yellow moon,' silvering the current, which looked so cool and so tempting that with one consent we divested ourselves of our outside casings, and in a trice were splashing in the moonlit Merrimack. Tritons amongst its minnows! Whether we scared the Naiads or not remaineth a mystery.

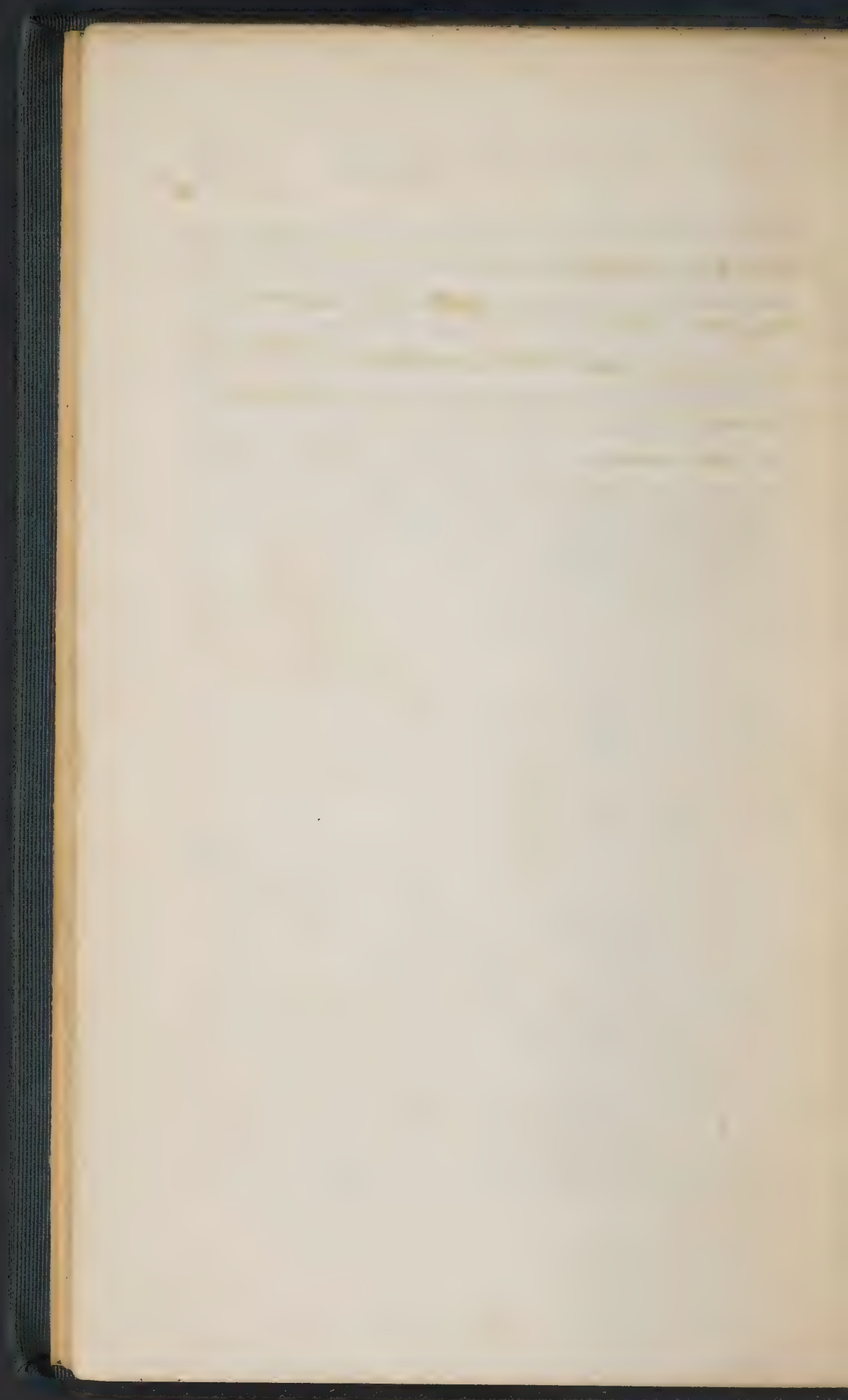
He that chanceth to be in a musing mood whilst here, may indulge his 'pensive pleasure' by a stroll into the graveyard near by the bridge. It is a square oblong place, enclosed by palings, and filled with the fathers of the village and their descendants. It wants the broad church shadow to rest upon the dwellings of the dead; and there are no ancient trees to revive by association the memories of those who once walked beneath them to the house of God. In this respect there is nothing like the English village churchyard—such a one as that of Stoke Pogis, in which Gray wrote his celebrated Elegy. Pleasant are those quaint old epitaphs, and the rude churchyard poetry which is graven upon perishing stones

—frail recorders of love almost as frail! And delightful is it on the Sabbath summer's morn to see ancient people, before church time, sitting on the flat stones, and hear them discourse of those who died long ago, little dreaming, simple souls! that they are themselves so near to the house appointed for all living, that their lengthened shadows already fall upon their own graves. One of the pleasantest churchyards I know of is in the Isle of Wight, and many years ago I was sauntering among its graves, when I saw a lady in deep mourning, with a little girl, sitting on a tombstone. The former was reading a book to the latter, who was looking with tearful eyes into her mother's face. When they turned away from the spot, I saw that they had been looking on the tomb of the 'DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,' whose simple epitaph was engraved on the head-stone. That lady was the Duchess of Kent, and the little child was the Princess Victoria, now a Queen, on whose dominions the sun never sets. Perhaps the book the lady was reading was the delightful and affecting narrative of Leigh Richmond. Striking was the contrast in the condition of the sleeper and her who watched by her grave—the one a peasant's daughter in her dreamless slumbers, the other a child who ere many years had passed over her head, was to take her place amongst the rulers of the nations! The humbler of the two had won her palm, and was wearing her crown, whilst the 'daughter of a royal line' was fated to endure the perilous splendor of dominion, and become the mother of more kings, ere she should lie down in the vaults of Windsor.

But this is a digression. There are few monuments of great interest in this little churchyard of Dracut. I rambled about it, hoping to find Captain Ford's grave, but without success, and I am informed that most probably the Indian exterminator lies in the churchyard of a neighboring parish. One tombstone will not fail to attract the visitor's attention. It is a tall and thick slab of white marble, on which is engraven in monstrous letters the names of the good man and his spouse who sleep below, and who rejoiced in the names of JONATHAN and DOLLY—the said given names being so conspicuously carved in relief, occupying a whole line each, that the 'Varnum' which follows them is scarcely noticed. There are, as usual, laudatory lines by husbands to deceased wives, and pathetic poems to the memories of little children. I also observed one quotation from Young, and in two instances those most appropriate of all inscriptions on tombstones—verses from scripture.

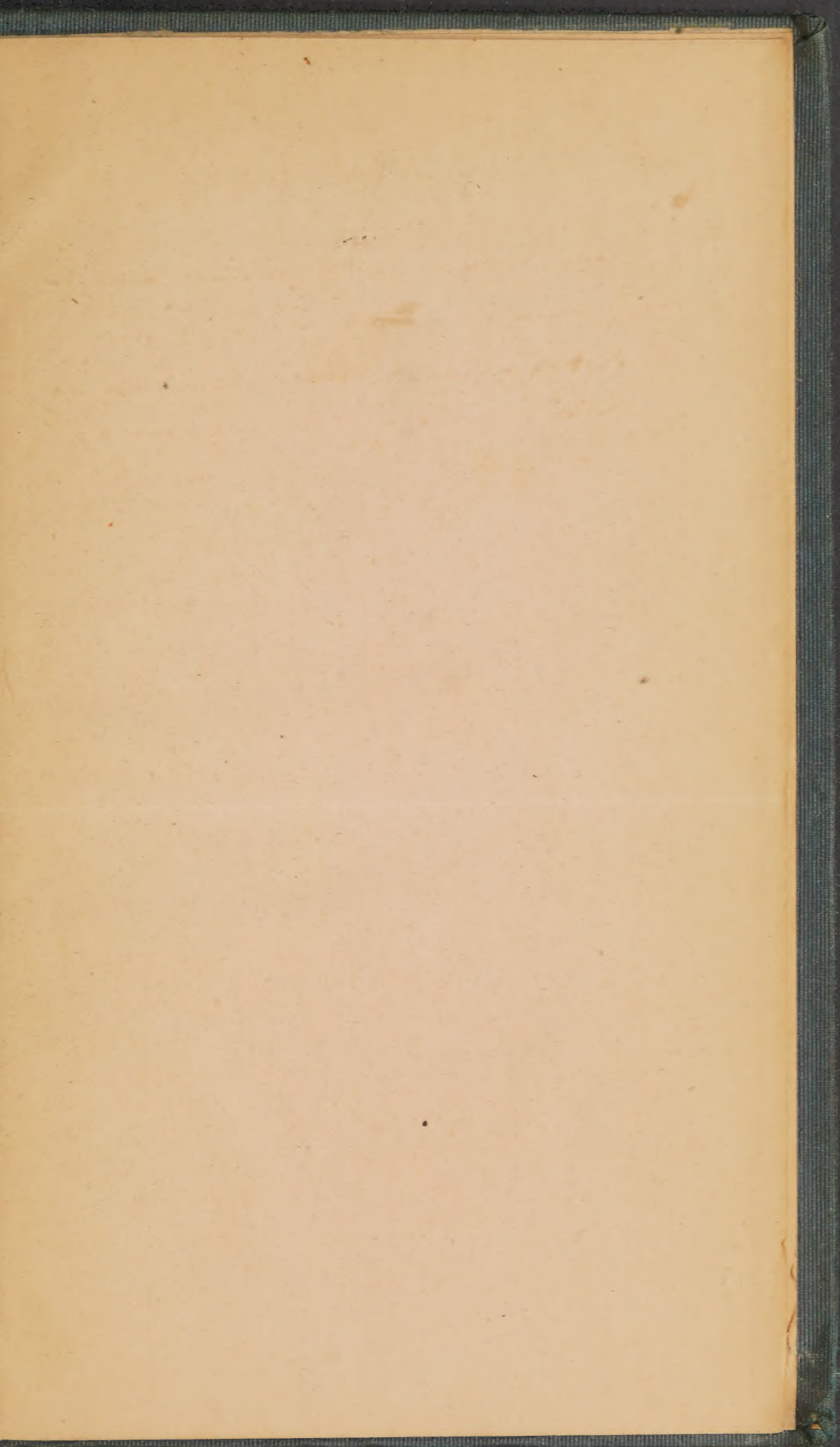
In conclusion, let me urge those who would seek a quiet retreat, to try a week or two's sojourn at the 'Stone House' aforesaid. It is within ten minutes' walk of the Lowell depot, and when there one is as cool in the hottest summer day as possible. The house is well appointed, and scrupulously clean. Every room is well ventilated, and from the balconies the most charming prospects are to be observed; and let not the visitor fail, as he enters the hall, to notice the tail of a certain wonderful horse which hangs framed and glazed in all the glory of gilt and scarlet velvet. The 'Major,' and not I, must tell its tale. But there are so many attractions here that I will not attempt to recount them, lest I should

be accused of writing in the style of George Robbins — so, comfortably resigning myself to the claims of a luxurious rocking chair, I lean back with half-closed eyes, now watching the waters as they shoot down the falls below me, and now gazing on the circling blue rays which ascend from my cigar, and fancying them frames wherein are magic pictures. But lo ! the sun has gone down in all his glory, and a purple haze sheds a radiance where his path had been — that, too, is becoming indistinct, and the evening star is shining like a jewel, as she is. All is still but the rushing river. So ‘to bed, to bed’ — and to-morrow for the Mills !



The dog mentioned on page 28th at Mount
Auburn, is upon the Tomb of Mrs. Perkins Esq
& represents a faithful dog, who saved the life of
his son, from drowning; ~~he~~ who subsequently
met an untimely death, & sleeps beneath the
sod, watched by the figure of Fidelity in the
form of the dog

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a letter or a page from a manuscript. The text is written in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The handwriting is somewhat faded and difficult to decipher, but appears to be a continuous paragraph. The text is written in a cursive script, likely a letter or a page from a manuscript. The text is written in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The handwriting is somewhat faded and difficult to decipher, but appears to be a continuous paragraph. The text is written in a cursive script, likely a letter or a page from a manuscript. The text is written in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The handwriting is somewhat faded and difficult to decipher, but appears to be a continuous paragraph.



69
.061
1845
C.1

1812753

13092

